The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1913.

The Week

Washington dispatches state that the Republicans in the Senate are, after all, going to consume all the time they can in debating the tariff bill. Their motive is avowed. They have no hope of preventing the final passage of the bill. Nor are they under any illusion about the state of public opinion, being fully aware that it is not possible to get the people to take any interest in their speeches against the tariff. But by taking advantage of the rules—or lack of rules—of the Senate, they can delay and obstruct under the guise of debating; and in this way they think that they can head off the passing of a currency bill at this session. It is confessedly for this reason that the decision has been come to that the "debate" must go on. The plans of the Progressive Republicans in the Senate, as reported Monday, promise to add a new terror to Senatorial debating. Two sets of amendments are to be offered to the tariff bill, one by Smoot and the standpatters, the other by La Follette and his Progressive following. In the long run, the practical effect will be to divide still further the Republican opposition, and to make the Democratic majorities on contested clauses larger yet. La Follette will not support the Smoot amendments, and *vice versa*. But in the meantime, what devastating floods of futile oratory must we face in the Senate! Speeches will increase as the square of the amendments offered, and the efforts of our Senatorial giants of debate will be to use a hundred words where one would more than suffice. Their motto is that of the mediæval Schoolman who said, at one point in an unbearably long treatise: "This I say, lest anything be left unsaid." But in spite of the dread of suffering from suppressed speech, which seems to afflict Senators, some way must be found to make their "debates" something besides devices for destroying both time and mind, and for ending them when their life has long since fled.

It is evident from the visit made by all the members of the United States Civil Service Commission to the White House on Monday that the practice of reducing the grade of meritorious Republican employees in the classified service in order to make desirable openings for Democrats has reached serious dimensions. Now that the abuse has been called to the President's attention, it is to be hoped that it will be stopped, or at least kept within narrow bounds. But this is not the only manifestation of the spoils spirit in the dominant party that has been brought to public notice within the past few days. Last Friday, Senator Sterling, of South Dakota, presented a memorandum of the National Civil Service League in opposition to paragraph O of section 2 of the tariff bill. This paragraph, which was inserted in the House bill by the Senate Finance Committee, provides that for a period of two years after the passage of the act "the force of agents, deputy collectors, and inspectors" authorized by the income-tax section of the act shall be appointed "without compliance with the conditions prescribed" by the civil service law. The reasons for condemning this provision as vicious are too obvious to need stating. The Civil Service League does, however, give them, briefly and effectively; but the most effective thing in its memorandum is this quiet statement: "We can find nowhere in the report of the Committee on Finance as printed in the *Congressional Record* any reasons stated why this large force should be recruited outside the civil service law." Mr. Sterling gives notice that he will call up the League's protest when paragraph O is reached in the discussion of the bill. We trust that the Republicans will make a determined fight on it, and compel every Democrat to stand up and be counted as for or against this indefensible assault on the civil service.

That some strong feeling exists in the House Banking and Currency Committee, to the effect that the powers of the proposed Federal Board are not adequately defined or restricted, has been made plain enough in the Committee's discussions. The dispatches have seemed to agree that, while the suggestion was made that certain of these powers ought to be conferred only with specific limitations, the nature of such proposed restriction was not indicated. Yet it appears to us that the way for doing it is reasonably obvious. The two powers of the Federal Board which are altogether too sweeping and unregulated as the bill now stands, are that whereby the Board may "in time of emergency require Federal reserve banks to rediscount the discounted prime paper of other Federal reserve banks," and that in virtue of which the Board may "suspend for a period not exceeding thirty days (and renew such suspension for periods not to exceed fifteen days) any and every reserve requirement." Both powers are manifestly of the largest sort; the premature or mistaken exercise of either might very gravely jeopardize a financial situation; nevertheless, save for the very vague stipulation that the first shall be employed "in time of emergency," there is not a word to indicate when or how or why they should be resorted to.

The comment, suggested by all experience in banking crises, is that the initiative in such cases must come from the banks themselves, because it is they that are directly confronted with the peculiar necessities of the period. Therefore, the power to require rediscount of one regional central bank's paper by another ought to be limited, first, by provision for formal application by the regional bank which desires its paper to be thus rediscounted. Such an application ought unquestionably to be passed upon by a responsible body or committee, representing the other regional banks, and that could easily be provided for if Chairman Glass's proposal of a committee advisory to the Federal Board, such committee to be elected by the several regional banks, were to be adopted. We are decidedly of opinion that some such committee should be formed, and that the law should demand submission to its consideration of such vitally important actions as the requirement of loans by one regional bank to another, and the suspension of all reserve requirements in an emergency. "Suspending the bank act" is an expedient not unknown to English banking practice; but it must not be forgotten that the Government merely offers or

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authorizes such action, never requires it. In the Baring panic of 1890, the Exchequer offered to suspend the act, and the governor of the Bank of England rejected the proposal. The result proved beyond dispute that the Bank was right and the Government wrong.

Another Central American President has made public his unwillingness to accept for his republic anything like the proposed American protectorate over Nicaragua. Salvador joins Costa Rica in politely putting away the suggestion. President Meléndez of Salvador telegraphs that he has no power to negotiate such a treaty, since it would be "contrary to the aspirations of this country as a free people." Of course, these Central American nations are not refusing anything that has been offered them. For that reason they are all the more free to speak their mind. And their statement of their own position, together with implied criticism of the Nicaraguan proposal, cannot fail to have effect in both Nicaragua and Washington. What they say is that surrender of their own control of their own public debt and their own foreign relations and, virtually, their own independence, would be intolerable to a free people. This is only the natural attitude of a self-respecting Government, and an enormous burden of proof is put upon the Nicaraguan Government and the State Department at Washington, to show why that attitude should be departed from in this case. Thus far it has not been shown.

Most Americans have an impression that the rush to Northwestern wheatfields has populated Western Canada with Yankees. But this is rudely dissipated by the latest Canadian census bulletins. Of the 11,086 homesteads entered in the three prairie provinces during the five months ending May 31, 1911, nearly three-fourths were taken by Canadians or emigrants from the British Isles. Figures now available show that 55 per cent. of the Dominion's population is of British origin, while in the last few years the French inhabitants have fallen from 30.71 to 28.51 per cent. of the whole. In the last census period the number of English in Canada rose by 562,251, or 44.55 per cent.; of Scotch by 800,154; of Irish and Welsh by 73,628. All this has far more than offset the current of American immigration. The ties of tradition, sentiment, and blood which bind five-sevenths of the Canadians to Great Britain are thus broadening, not narrowing. When it is considered that more than a million Canadian-born have recently found homes in the United States, these 1911 bulletins throw new light on the old assumption that the Dominion is in danger of absorption by her southern neighbor.

Something besides Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's reputation as an educator, and prominence as the first woman to be the head of a great city's school system, gives her resignation at Chicago wide interest. Her motive was to end friction with a wing of the School Board which she accused of blocking any measure she advocated, regardless of its worth. This meant withdrawal from all but a clerical performance of assigned duties. With the issue thus one of executive responsibility and the hold of politics upon school administration, not of the Superintendent's ability, the merits of the case seem clear. So thinks the Chicago press, the great body of newly enfranchised women, the president of the School Board, and Mayor Harrison. No matter how the affair ends, the prompt public indignation which Mrs. Young's resignation has provoked, and the pressure exerted to have her reconsider it, can scarcely fail to improve conditions for her successors.

The interesting thing about the anti-tipping ordinance that has been adopted at St. Louis is not that it is an attempt to stop tipping by law, but that it originated in the desire of the waiters themselves. The tip-giver has no means of knowing whether the system to which he conforms when he makes his ever-recurring offering is a benefit to those whom it seems to favor, or the reverse. The tip-taker has a better chance of knowing, and it seems to be the verdict of the St. Louis takers of tips that they would be better off without them. So far as concerns the waiter who spends a considerable amount of time in attending to one's wants and gets a small fee in acknowledgment, it is at least a possibility that what he gets he is allowed to keep; though even then one may be sure that something like the average amount of his tips is taken out of the wages he would otherwise get. But where the standard tip is a big sum, or where the ridiculous practice exists of tipping—even though it be but with five cents—for a service that occupies but a few seconds, it is clear that what you give ostensibly to the servitor really goes into the pockets of his employer.

The success of the American tennis players in carrying off the Davis Cup gives ground for national satisfaction. In what is one of the cleanest and best of sports the team has won a clear-cut victory after the hardest kind of struggle for it. To defeat the Englishmen anywhere would be a remarkable achievement; to defeat their veterans on their own ground, after beating the Germans, Canadians, and Australasians as well, argues pluck, stamina, and skill of a rare kind. In Mr. McLoughlin America has a young player whose brilliancy is conceded by the English press, with prophecies of still greater achievements to come. By his ability to pull himself together after having apparently gone stale, and perhaps overtaxed himself in trying for the English championship, he has shown rare grit and determination. But the whole team deserves praise, and will receive it in full measure, and the warmest kind of reception, on its return. Lawn tennis has so long been the Englishmen's pet and preëmpted domain, that this defeat will, like their showing at the Olympic, compel them to more heart-searchings—and perhaps even fresh fears of an oversea invasion.

College athletics is in no need of boosting, but might get it from the English tributes to the sportsmanship, as well as the political services, of the late Alfred Lyttelton. His death drew attention to a personality of unusual charm and force, interested in every social and philanthropic activity, and prominent as a member of Parliament and Colonial Secretary. But none of his eulogists failed to mention his career on the fields of Eton and Oxford. "The sight of him smiting the cricket-ball to the boundary with lightning-like play of the wrist," wrote one, "or dribbling the football at headlong speed down the field, or scoring stroke after stroke in the Fives Court, lingers a magnificent exhibition of youth in its strength and beauty." Later he became the best ama-

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teur tennis player of his time, and still later a first-class shot and a passionate lover of golf. "No Englishman," remarked the London *Times*, "has had so unique a faculty of excelling in every form of game, or practiced it with so gay a mien, or turned it so entirely to the enjoyment of his friends as well as himself."

In the comment on the Irish Secretary's announcement that $300,000,000 is still needed to carry out the Irish Land Act, one of his proposals has escaped general notice. Mr. Birrell proposes that the landlords be hereafter paid half in cash and half in stock, and that the latter payments be made from a wide range of Imperial securities. Already Canadian cities are elated over the prospect that Irish trustees will be allowed to invest in bonds of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, and Canadian provincial securities. A recent Montreal issue of $8,000,000, at 4¼ per cent., is reported as still three-fourths unabsorbed; while the city of Winnipeg is meeting similar difficulties in disposing of a loan at 4½ per cent. The total sum ultimately available, one of the Montreal papers observes, will probably reach $250,000,000, and "quite suffice to place these classes of securities on a new footing with the British public."

It is pleasant to read of the high tribute paid at last week's meeting of the British Medical Association to the great improvement in surgical methods worked out by an American, Dr. Crile, of Cleveland. The problem to which he set himself years ago was the doing away, as far as possible, with that baffling and dreaded thing, "surgical shock." He studied deeply the processes by which vitality is drained through unconscious strain upon the brain and nerve centres, while the patient is undergoing a painless operation. His conclusions, and the extraordinary results attained in his own hospital practice, he recently set forth in a medical journal. The matter is too technical to be described at length, but it may be said roughly that Dr. Crile's method is, first, to dull the patient's nervous activity before the operation, so that mental apprehension is removed; then by means of local anæsthetics to separate the area containing the site of the operation from all connection with the nervous system; and, finally, when the surgery is over, still to keep the involved tissues isolated, as it were, from the rest of the body. It should be added that this brilliant technique, which has now received such distinguished recognition as an American contribution to the relief of human suffering, was elaborated by Dr. Crile only after a long series of experiments with animals.

Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann is not finding everything pleasant sailing, now that he has returned to his native heath. True, Prof. Carl Schleich, the distinguished surgeon, still stands up for him and declares that his methods "tower high" above those of any other. But this latest eulogy has brought forth volleys of protest from the medical world. Prof. Felix Klemperer explains in the Berlin *Tageblatt* that the reason why every reputable clinic was closed to Dr. Friedmann is simply that he would not take the medical world into his confidence; that, until the facts were let out here, the Friedmann remedy was a secret one. Moreover, he asserts that even in Germany Dr. Friedmann "did not take the always open path to an above-board testing of his specific." Naturally, the profession looked upon him with suspicion. Professor Klemperer points out further that Dr. Friedmann has no right to claim that his remedy will cure; that all he might reasonably assert is that it is a preventive, like vaccine or the typhoid serum, which has so largely reduced the soldier death-rate from that disease. It might conceivably render a patient immune, but to talk of its curing is utterly beside the mark. Unfortunately, the almost daily report of the death of one of Dr. Friedmann's patients in this country affords confirmation of Professor Klemperer's charges. Who shall measure the additional mental suffering undergone by these invalids and their families because of the false hopes held out to them?

A recent bye-election has added the one hundred and eleventh Social-Democratic member to the German Reichstag, Ferdinand Ewald having been elected in a district which never before chose a member of his party, by an increase of 1,000 votes over the balloting in 1912. On two successive days the Conservatives were twice badly beaten, by the Social-Democrats and by a representative of the Peasants' Alliance. Counting in the Radical groups, which at times act with the Social-Democrats, the Left now numbers no less than 203 members, which gives to it a commanding position—the total is 397 members—when it holds together. When it is recalled that the Social-Democrats had but eleven seats so lately as 1887 their extraordinary progress is plain. What if they should gain another hundred seats in the next twenty-six years? Herr Ewald's victory is the more significant because every effort was made to defeat him on the ground that the Social-Democrats, having voted against the increase of the army, were "anti-national" and semi-traitors. But the electorate cared nothing about that; perhaps it realized that that vote was but half-hearted, and perhaps judged it to have been chiefly for consistency's sake. At any rate, the Radicals having refused to vote with them, the Left did not constitute a majority in that case, but registered merely the Socialist strength. At the same time the possibility of the Left's carrying through reforms and blocking further the plans of Agrarians and Conservatives has come much nearer by reason of these last two bye-elections.

A "poet's bank" for poets who have not yet won recognition is the brilliant suggestion of some Paris writers. For generations the French capital has been the resort of struggling artists, literary and other, who frequently are confronted at the start by starvation or disease. Tide them over this preliminary period, and they can take care of themselves. The plan is so simple that it is nothing less than tragic that it was not thought of long ago. The poet in financial straits goes to the bank, we suppose, with his verses in his pocket. There the officials examine his manuscript with the same attention that in other banks is bestowed upon other kinds of collateral. Finding that the writer is a genius, certain of success if only he can keep body and soul together a few years longer, they advance him the necessary number of francs to buy luncheon or discharge the rent of the attic that he calls home, and he returns to his abode with renewed spirit, to write more verses to submit as collateral upon the next pressing occasion. The idea is capable of wide application.

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THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

Ambassador Wilson is probably not far wrong when he declares that our relations with Mexico are now critical. If they were not, his indiscreet talking would have made them so. His course since returning to the United States has been more ill judged than one would have supposed that even the most incompetent or reckless diplomat could have shown himself capable of. That he talked to the reporters at all about his delicate mission was a huge blunder. A talking Ambassador is always a nuisance and generally a peril. We do not hold Ambassador Wilson to all that he is reported to have said. Some things put into his mouth he has repudiated. But this is the mischief of allowing himself to be interviewed at all. His language will be embroidered or added to. The one safe course is to refuse to say anything for publication. That is what Ambassador Wilson would have done if he really knew his business. We omit mention of loyalty to his chiefs, who were keeping absolutely still in the trying circumstances preceding the announcement of a policy, and who had a right to expect their subordinates to have a close tongue. If Ambassador Wilson is seeking to get himself replaced for indiscretion, his conduct has been admirably fitted to that end; but even so he should not have forgotten that something larger is at stake than his personal interests.

Without, as we say, pinning Ambassador Wilson down to everything in the press purporting to come from him, it is clear that he returned with a definite plan to urge upon the Administration. It is plain, too, that he regarded himself as the only man in Washington entitled to speak on Mexico with authority. This attitude of his, we may remark, is one of the elements of danger. Even if Ambassador Wilson were the wisest and most energetic of men, the mere fact that he had filled an official post in the City of Mexico would not warrant him in setting himself up as an oracle on all the affairs of so large and varied and, at present, so distraught a country. Lord Palmerston once made a powerful exposure of the folly of taking it for granted that foreign policy is to be dictated by "the man on the spot." Nobody is more subject to mistake and to acquiring narrow views than the man on the spot. His reports constantly need to be checked by information gathered from others; and a really able and conscientious Foreign Minister or Secretary of State will insist upon getting all the evidence possible and then making up his mind for himself. In this aspect of the matter, the Washington Administration is to be praised, not blamed, for having had its own private agents in Mexico, to supplement the official reports of Ambassador Wilson and others. Only in such ways, and by fortifying themselves with all the knowledge attainable, could Mr. Bryan and the President put themselves in a position to discuss with the Ambassador his plan for solving the Mexican difficulty.

That plan, as made public in general terms, contains some plausible features. It is Ambassador Wilson's conviction that the way for this Government to work for pacification and a settled order in Mexico is in coöperation with the Huerta régime, now unquestionably the only *de facto* Mexican Government. In dealing with the Provisional President of Mexico there would be an obvious advantage, provided it led immediately to the settlement of outstanding American claims, and also to an official undertaking by Gen. Huerta not himself to be a candidate for the Presidency, and to do everything in his power to obtain a fair election in October, by the results of which all Mexicans would abide. But the folly and danger appear, as soon as we come to the proposal which Ambassador Wilson would link with the foregoing—namely, that the military forces of the United States undertake to put down the rebellion in Coahuila and the other Northern States of Mexico. It seems evident that President Wilson rejected this suggestion on sight; and it seems unnecessary to dwell upon its glaring absurdity.

Nevertheless, the problem remains, and how to solve it will still tax all the skill and patience of President Wilson. All the indications from Washington are that he is putting resolutely aside any thought of using armed force, unless it be as a last dire necessity, and that his mind is dwelling upon demonstrating American friendliness to Mexico in this time of her trouble, with readiness to aid in every peaceful and legitimate way in bringing about better conditions across our Southern border. It may prove that the idea of friendly mediation, through a special commission or otherwise, is not feasible. Its success would, of course, depend upon Gen. Huerta and the various revolutionary leaders agreeing to deal with such a commission, and to accept its advice. This seems highly doubtful. At the same time, the President should be upheld in pressing along the line of offering Mexico our good offices in every practicable form, instead of threatening her with our guns. By persisting in this attitude of determined friendship, President Wilson will go far towards disarming Mexican suspicions. Another step in the same direction would be an early selection as Ambassador to Mexico of the most large-minded and skilled man he can find. No other diplomatic appointment made or to be made is the equal of this in critical importance.

A RIVAL ISTHMIAN CANAL.

One of the provisions of the pending treaty with Nicaragua has been tacitly assumed to be of enormous value to the United States. It is the cession to this country of the exclusive right to construct an interoceanic canal through Nicaraguan territory. Ever since Secretary Knox first had this embodied in the original treaty, it has been taken for granted that it was a fine stroke both of business and diplomacy. And Secretary Bryan's statesmanlike foresight has been supposed to be demonstrated by his retaining the provision in the new treaty. We have nowhere seen any scrutiny of the matter. It is one of those things that pass into general acceptance without examination. Farmers out in Nebraska will read of our forestalling any other nation in building a possible Nicaraguan canal, and will say: "That's a good idee. We can't have anybody else cutting into our Panama tolls or sending battleships to the Pacific unbeknownst." And this cross-roads view is as good as anything we get from Washington. Bill Jones's opinion is about the same as Henry Cabot Lodge's, and fully as well founded. Everybody says that the canal provision is a fine thing, but nobody explains why.

It is time to ask for information. What are the facts? Is there any likelihood whatever of this country ever wanting to dig another canal across the Isthmus? The canal we already have would seem sufficient to fill up the

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measure both of our pride and our purse. We have spent at Panama more than we shall ever get back. The most optimistic estimate of the amount of shipping that will use the Panama Canal does not figure that the tolls will begin to pay interest charges until some twenty years from the opening. And this does not reckon in maintenance. Uncle Sam is easily bled, but he will not repeat at Nicaragua the Panama outlay unless for overwhelming reason. Commercial reasons there will exist none whatever. Supposing that trade developments now unforeseen, or a great increase in the size of steamships, were ever to make the Panama Canal inadequate or obsolete, it could be enlarged and improved at one-tenth the cost of a new canal through Nicaragua. What has had to be undertaken for the Kiel Canal and at Suez could be done at Panama. For contemplating a rival to the latter, there is absolutely no business argument.

Ah, it is said, but it is not that we mean to do it; we are only heading off skilfully and betimes any project of the kind that England or Germany might otherwise undertake. But either of them could undertake it for only two conceivable reasons—to make money, or for some military advantage. The money-making motive, however, is at once ruled out. If a single Isthmian canal will have to struggle along to meet its fixed charges, two would smell of bankruptcy from the first. Some may assert that the leading shipping nations regard the tolls at Panama as too high, and so might decide to build an interoceanic canal for themselves. But that is not at all the way in which the matter presents itself practically to ship-owners. What they figure on is simply the question whether it is cheaper to use the canal or to keep on going round the Cape or through Suez. If the tolls are too high, they will not go to the Isthmus at all.

The naval argument is not explicitly stated, but seems to run about as follows: Foreign nations would not, indeed, be justified in spending $400,000,000 for a commercial canal across Nicaragua, but might be for a canal mainly for naval purposes. They would regard it as an immense advantage to be able to pass their ships across the Isthmus without coming within range of American guns. But what does this amount to when it is reduced from vague talk to precise definitions? The only case in which this alleged superiority of a Nicaraguan canal over that at Panama, purely for the military objects of European countries, could possibly exist would be a war with the United States. In all other wars foreign battleships can freely pass through the Panama Canal, under the ordinary rules of neutrality. And if it be said that it is exactly the possibility of war with the United States against which foreign Powers might seek to provide by a canal through Nicaragua, the answer is clear. They could build such a canal against our will only by being able to beat us in a great naval battle. But if they could thus beat us, they would not need to build another canal, for they could take away from us the one already built.

By itself, it may not seem worth while to expose the fallacies in the scheme of a rival Isthmian canal. Probably neither the Nicaraguan Government nor our own really regards the matter of so much importance as is gravely pretended. Certainly, if Nicaragua is selling this tremendously valuable right for a beggarly $3,000,000, with a lot of naval and coaling stations thrown in, she is making an extremely bad bargain. To the actual negotiators, the canal concession very likely appeared a sort of makeweight that might as well be thrown in; but in the public press and in Congress it has been sagely discussed as if it were big with the fate of nations. Such loose ideas about it may help create opinion favorable to the Nicaraguan treaty; which is a good reason for seeking to show how loose they are. From any really serious discussion of the Nicaraguan protectorate, this canal fancy ought to be cut out. It is one of those things which float about in the popular mind, winning general assent mainly because nobody challenges them or shows how without foundation they are. And illusions about the second Isthmian canal ought not to prevent people from looking intently at the really substantial provisions of the treaty, and asking one another soberly whether this far-reaching national policy ought to be entered upon lightly or unadvisedly.

THE HAND THAT PULLED THE STRINGS.

The witty Frenchman's definition of history as *le mensonge convenu*, the lie agreed upon, we have always regarded as a fine epigram, to be sure, but nevertheless as a gross libel on the labors of the historians. But the Mulhall revelations stagger our confidence in what has been accepted as the true story of the nations. For here has been going on, right under our noses, a gigantic manipulation of the political forces of our country, the very existence of which, but for a fortunate chance, would have remained unknown forever. Had Mr. Mulhall been treated by his employers according to his plain deserts, the flood of letters containing the inner history of our time which have now become the possession of all the world would surely never have been let loose. And the consequence would have been that the history of our time would have been made up in the usual way. It would have spoken of the influence of the acts of Presidents and Senators and Representatives and party leaders; of the pressure of public opinion in this direction or that; of the high cost of living and the growth of monopoly; in short, of all those things which, according to the French epigrammatist, form the staple of the conventional lie that we call history. And all the time those who knew what was actually going on would have maintained an absolute silence about it. The historical student in the next generation would have searched the books, and even the newspapers, in vain for the name of Mulhall; except the Baltimore city directory it would be difficult to mention a place in which his name was to be found in print. And yet now we know that it was Mulhall who pulled the strings which set the puppets going this way or that.

Take the latest instalment of the revelations. Over it was appropriately placed, in one of the morning newspapers, the conspicuous headline, "Mulhall Active in New York Politics." Active! We should say so; not active like the ordinary intriguer or politician of conventional history, but active in a free, broad, comprehensive way, such as the plodding historian has no inkling of. In his simple and straightforward letters to his employers, he tells fully, and

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without any false modesty, of the big work he is doing:

> I made arrangements through Congressman William S. Bennet to have the Republican candidate for Mayor, Mr. Bannard; Mr. Prendergast, who is running for City Controller, and Mr. Mitchel, chairman of the Board of Aldermen, take luncheon with Messrs. Bird, Boudinot, Hoile, Nevins, ex-Congressman Watson, Col. Thayer, of Indianapolis, and others at the Machinery Club, in this city. The candidates for office clearly outlined their plan of campaign, and their manager, Congressman Bennet, anxiously solicited our aid for the next few weeks.
>
> I have been very successful in getting help for them through the Retail Dry Goods Association of Greater New York, and I have secured for them, through the secretaries of different organizations, over 100,000 names, and we will organize meetings for them to help them out for the balance of the campaign. This work will be done entirely without cost to our Association.

Note the Colonel's mastery of all sides of the art of political strategy; the bringing together of the big leaders on the one hand, and on the other the engineering of a big popular campaign "entirely without cost to our Association." Similar energy and ability were evidently exerted in connection with the State campaign in New York in 1910, Mr. Mulhall going so far as almost to have seen Mr. Murphy in relation to the Democratic nomination; and if he did not quite attain that end, it may reasonably be supposed that this was because Murphy, with the instinct of political genius, realized that Mulhall was a bigger man than himself at his own game, and didn't care to match himself against him. And all this New York business was but a side matter, which we mention merely as a sample of the numberless activities of this amazing master of political intrigue.

There are, to be sure, some considerations which the defender of the conventional historian may adduce to break the force of the Mulhall story. Some explanation, he will say, ought to be forthcoming of the failure of the great National Association of Manufacturers to maintain good relations with a man capable of wielding such mighty influence with such consummate skill. But this objection can easily be disposed of. It is evident throughout the Mulhall correspondence that the chiefs of the Association were wholly unfitted to play the part which the genius of their agent made possible for them. Nowhere does one find a constructive suggestion from them, or even a truly intelligent appreciation of the work that Mulhall was doing. His reports of progress are indeed acknowledged with courtesy and with expressions of pleasure, but it is merely such acknowledgment as a child or a novice might make of the work of a professional whose ways are wonderful to his mind, but quite beyond its powers of analysis or estimate.

Another thing which some will regard as casting doubt upon the significance of the Mulhall story is the money side of the matter. The manufacturing interests of America, measured in dollars, run high into the tens of billions. The promotion of the objects that these interests held to be most important was entrusted, so far as political forces were concerned, to this man. And yet he lived, during all those years, and lives still, in a simple house, in a very modest semi-suburban quarter of Baltimore. There is every reason to believe that the salary he drew from the Association was on an extremely moderate scale. Moreover, the money that was paid out by him for the purpose of advancing the friends and crushing the enemies of the manufacturers amounted, even according to his own account, to an absurdly small sum; and his own accounts, as shown by such statements as that recently made by Mr. McClave, are the result of what psychologists might perhaps call a magnifying memory. It must be admitted, therefore, that the mighty manufacturing interests which were behind Mulhall showed a degree of parsimony in promoting their own interests which it is difficult to account for upon any ordinary view of human nature. Some may, therefore, incline to the view that Mulhall was not doing all this wonderful work with which he credits himself; that, stupid as they showed themselves in so many ways, the officers of the Manufacturers' Association were not quite so stupid as really to believe everything that Mulhall told them; and that, in short, the Mulhall story is made up of a few grains of fact and an intolerable deal of fancy.

FACTS ABOUT THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

The thanks of everybody who has been left in a state of confusion and disgust by such "investigations" as that of Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara, of Illinois, are due to the National Civic Federation for its report upon "Working Conditions in New York Stores." The report fills the thirty-two large pages of the last number of the *National Civic Federation Review*, and is just what such a document should be. It goes after the main things; it is detailed, but has numerous tables and summaries; it is careful to supply the sources of its information and conclusions; and it is judicial without being colorless. Its presentation of masses of facts and series of inferences constitutes the sort of knowledge upon which, and upon which alone, we ought to base agitation for legislative and individual improvements. An initial investigation was begun in January, 1911, which extended over a period of one year. When this report was ready, the Federation was asked by the Retail Dry Goods Association to make a second survey, bringing the report up to date. The Association also offered to facilitate the work of ascertaining the facts regarding wages by permitting the payrolls of all its members to be examined at its own expense. This offer enabled the Federation to widen the scope of its inquiry, and the result of its willingness to wait is a report that will command confidence in all quarters.

The report deals specifically with industrial conditions in nineteen of New York's retail firms, and involves twenty-two establishments and 39,000 employees, of whom 22,000 are women. But its importance lies in the circumstance that its recommendations probably apply to conditions under which not less than 500,000 saleswomen earn their bread in this country. This figure does not include other women employed in stores. The first question that one asks of these investigators is, What are the facts about these saleswomen's earnings? And it is to be noted that these facts are presented upon the authority of a firm of public accountants and auditors. The average rate of wages of saleswomen is $9.31 a week. If we add the commissions paid in certain stores, this figure rises to $9.58. But "average" is a very deceitful word. Analysis shows that nearly 40 per cent. of the 9,000 saleswomen in these New York stores, and more than 50 per cent. of the 20,000 women employees of all sorts, receive less than $8 a week. But there are only 27 saleswomen who receive less than $5; on the other hand, 2,600 other women employees receive less than $5, and 654 receive less than $4.

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These amounts mean little by themselves. Comparisons may be odious to "investigators" who start out, not to learn the truth, but to prove a thesis, but they are essential to the rest of us. And comparisons of earnings in department stores with those of women in factories or in stores of all sizes are favorable to the large store. In 1909, the Government Bureau of Labor found that the average weekly wage of saleswomen in twelve department stores in this city was $8.84, while that of women employed in factories here was $6.12. The same Bureau found that the average pay of women in twenty-six department stores in the four largest cities in the country was $7.93, while that of women in all the stores in those cities was $7.21. And there is an upward trend in the pay of saleswomen. A Government investigation of one store in April, 1909, found the average wage of saleswomen to be $7.89. Two and a half years later the Civic Federation found the average pay to be $8.27; and the Federation's figures for April of this year are $8.61. The same result is seen in a comparison of the Government's figure of $8.84, quoted above, for twelve department stores in this city in 1909, with the Federation's figure of $9.31 for seventeen stores in 1913. Other instances of the same sort are given in the report.

It thus appears that, if the department store is responsible to any extent for "white slavery," it sins in a large company. And this, in the opinion of the Federation's experts, is exactly the impression which it is sought to make. Nothing less than an indictment of our whole industrial system, and with it our whole political system, is the aim of those who are raising the alarm. Such persons cannot be expected to fasten their rolling eyes upon so stolid a thing as a fact, still less upon a bit of reasoning. Others, however, and this still means the mass of us, will find something very rational in the comment of an employer who, as a young man, believed rumors of this kind. "It would be poor business policy," he remarks, "for how could a company expect employees to deal honestly with it if those employees were induced by it to lead lives of shame?" The strange thing in these reckless charges is the evident supposition that only a soulless corporation was attacked, the possible slander upon scores of thousands of girls and women not being even remotely perceived. This phase of the attacks is not absent from the minds of the Civic Federation's investigators, however, and they demolish the whole rotten structure with a completeness that ought almost to convince even the wildest of those who set it up. For column after column, one impartial authority after another gives testimony to the falsity of any supposition that there is any important connection between occupation and immorality, or even want and immorality, among women.

The department store is not the last word in industrial organization. Yet it seems to be, not merely no worse than its fellows, but rather better. We have considered only the most damaging of the criticisms that are levelled against it, saying nothing about what it is doing to improve working conditions for its employees. Yet eighteen of the thirty-two pages of the report are upon "Welfare Work and General Recommendations for Improvements." These pages bristle with details of what these stores are doing to make life more livable for those dependent upon them, ranging from the distribution of a cooled beverage twice a day in summer to saving and lending arrangements which make mightily for thrift and self-respect. Doubtless no store is doing all it can in this direction. Doubtless every store needs to be under the eye of the fire inspector, and to take heed to what this report has to say, for instance, about long hours. But what was required before all else was more light and less heat, and this the Federation's clear-headed examiners have given us.

THE PEDANTRY OF HUMORISTS.

Our age has grown accustomed to seeing pedantry ranging far from its native heath. There are many kinds of pedants at large. Mr. Hilaire Belloc wrote not wisely when he classified mankind into the lawyer, the merchant, the doctor, etc.—and the pedant. The class is not so isolated. In America, at all events, we have the factory owner who runs his shops according to the latest monograph on efficiency; the mother who fears to love her child more than the accepted treatise permits; and the child himself who reads what he is to play. Even our humorists have turned pedants. Formerly they had the consolation of knowing that when all other "copy" failed, they might look in their hearts and write. But that time, to judge by the way things are going, is past.

For humorists, it would appear, have taken to using card catalogues and books of reference. This, for aught we know, may be necessary, conditions having greatly changed the scope and details of humor during the past quarter of a century. Consider some of the old standbys which are now outworn: the mother-in-law, the commuter, the country cousin, the village beau, the big shoes of Chicago, the sleepiness of Philadelphia, precocious Willie, Uncle Josh. Apparently the mother-in-law has learned her lesson; the parcel post has deprived the commuter of his funny packages; the suburban trolley has wiped out of existence the country cousin and uncle; wise little Willie died from competition with all the actual prodigies of enterprising newspapers; and the "drums and tramplings" of Bull Moose conquests have somewhat staled Chicago in the humorist's eyes. If familiarity breeds contempt, it also blunts the edge of all but the finest wit. For the rough-and-ready joke depends for its effect upon a considerable exaggeration which for the moment may pass for the truth. So long as the alleged crudity of the Westerner caused him irritation because he knew that the Easterner more than half credited it, it furnished the humorist with the necessary zest. But now that the cultural conditions of the West are generally known to be much like those of the East, the salt hath lost its savor. Humor of old followed a few conventional lines; it was artificial, but not very bookish.

It was not so bookish, that is, as it is to-day. There were, of course, perennially the modern rehabilitations of stock characters in history and mythology which are supposed to be funny, such as Mark Twain's "Diary of Adam," an afternoon tea given by Calpurnia, Achilles playing centre rush. For the present change of front several things are responsible. Not the least is the inrush of cleverness. When smartness and paradox became the leading fashion, even men with scholarly interests were impelled to fall in line. Mr. Belloc, by a good deal of research, essayed to disprove the principal qualities usually assigned to the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Frank Harris had his fun with the Shake-

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speare myth; another writer set out to show that the cannibal is in reality most human and lovable. But the main impulse has come from the "news interest" which in the press of all sorts has grown to be such an important factor. The popularity of Signor Ferrero's writings on ancient Rome sent the humorists to their reference books, and we had a large output of grotesque conduct ascribed to Julius Cæsar. Much, too, can be done by studying the calendar. Every day is the anniversary of important happenings, and these have to be scrutinized and indexed and brought into proper (that is, improper) relations. If every newspaper has its "graveyard," against the death of some notable, the humorist, it may be inferred, is equally far-sighted. He has not forgotten that human types in Panama will soon be much in demand, that the Colonel is going to Argentina, and that Shakespeare will one of these years be three centuries dead. Not all the variations of this scholarly humor need be mentioned. One is the mechanical method of developing a joke into a series calculated to do service for several days. It is very different from Shakespeare's splitting a lie up into seven categories, being manipulated somewhat as follows: Some comical incident having been related in the press concerning a German bassoonist, we are furnished with a serial on the whimsies of musicians.

Now, some of these excesses are apparently inevitable. The humorist must follow public interest, which in a cosmopolitan centre like New York ranges widely. The whole world is his oyster. Some jest has to-day to be wrung from China, to-morrow from Somaliland, next week from the underworld, and he must be prepared. "Front steps" repartee will get him no farther than it did Rousseau. And the level of intelligence with reference to the world at large has been raised so greatly that in default of the first-hand observation which travel would give him, he must perforce read up. The problem is how to keep his work from smelling of the lamp. He has also been led to believe that the public demands a certain number of jokes each day. Is it any wonder that he has felt the need of becoming an historian and several kinds of specialist?

Still, many will feel regret that the old familiar faces have dropped out of humor. They were human, even if trite, and had the broad free lines which stick in the memory. Of more recent creations, "Mutt" and "Jeff" perhaps came nearer than others to the former manner. They were the outgrowth of no accidental happening or anniversary or particular celebration, but corresponded to recognizable figures in everyday life. Naturally, they could not live when such enormous demand was made upon them.

AN OLD REVIEW IN NEW HANDS.

LONDON, July 18.

The journal which, as Herbert Paul puts it, represents "the most highly cultivated form which philistinism has ever assumed," is about to come under a new régime. It is announced that at the end of August Harold Hodge will relinquish the editorship of the *Saturday Review*, after holding that post for fourteen years. Its chief proprietor, the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P., will then become editor-in-chief, with the assistance of George A. B. Dewar as literary editor.

Forty or fifty years ago such a notice would have made as great a stir in journalistic circles as a change in the editorship of the *Times*. For sheer cleverness the *Saturday* is still hard to beat, but somehow the range of readers to whom this type of writing appeals has greatly narrowed since the days when John Douglas Cook's young men provided a tingling sensation for every week-end. The average standard of culture in the community is a long way higher than it was then, and only an optimist without a conscience would say that there is less philistinism. But for some reason or other—partly, perhaps, through Matthew Arnold's preaching—the mixture of culture and philistinism is a less common blend. The result is that the *Saturday*, with all its brilliancy, exercises nothing like the influence that it once did. Tory clubmen continue to chuckle over its invective, but the public men at whom its shafts are aimed are hardly aware that they are serving the purpose of targets.

Yet in the history of English journalism the *Saturday Review* holds, and always will hold, a distinguished place. Its establishment really marked the beginning of a new era in the British press. In its independence of parties, its frankness and pungency of style, and its scholarly tone, it introduced a new note. In James Bryce's opinion, there never was a journal which enlisted so much and such varied literary talent as the *Saturday* did between 1855 and 1863. A paper that could count among its regular contributors such men as Goldwin Smith, Edward Augustus Freeman, John Richard Green, William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Robert Cecil (afterward Marquis of Salisbury), Charles Henry Pearson, Charles and Edward Bowen, Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen, and Henry Maine might well take a confident attitude.

"As memoirs are published," said the late F. W. Maitland in his biography of Leslie Stephen, "it becomes always more evident that any one who never wrote for the *Saturday* was no one."

There is scarcely any exaggeration in the statement of one of the historians of English journalism that "where the *Examiner* and the *Spectator* had depended on the wit or intelligence of one man, a Fonblanque or a Rintoul, the *Saturday Review* enlisted the services of a dozen men, and by making it a distinction in itself to contribute to its pages, soon obtained contributions from all the best men at Oxford and Cambridge, all the best men in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and all the best men in the Church." This notable band was collected and kept together by an editor who never wrote an article in the paper himself, but whose skill as an editor goes far to justify Sir William Robertson Nicoll's tribute to him as "the most remarkable journalist, all things considered, of the century." 'Cook," he says, "was nothing as a writer, but nobody was ever so successful as he is in surrounding himself with a strong staff of writers, in getting the best work out of each, and in ruling them all with an iron club."

The astonishing thing was that Cook contrived to procure and retain the services of men whose opinions were very different from his own; and he did this without any pressure upon them to write other than according to their own convictions. It is a marvel to find such names as those of Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, and the Stephens on the staff of a paper whose general attitude was conservative and high church. But the biggest Radical is a Conservative on some points, and Cook kept the peace within the office by employing the Liberals to write on subjects which they would approach in a Conservative frame of mind. His successors were not so adroit or so fortunate, and the time came when no one but a Tory could feel comfortable in contributing to the *Saturday*, on public questions, at any rate. Perhaps the last Liberal to go was Freeman, who broke off his connection with the paper—a step that involved the sacrifice of an income of $3,000 a year—because of its support of the Disraeli policy on the Eastern question.

Freeman's work on the *Saturday Review* was an example of a valuable type of service rendered by that journal to

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scholarship and literature. The slashing reviews that were a feature of the paper from the first were doubtless in many cases unduly censorious, but they did at any rate teach authors to mind what they were about. They inflicted a swift penalty upon carelessness and conceit, and the fear of them was a wholesome discipline for slovenly writers. When slipshod publications were slashed by the historian who, according to the two-edged compliment, "has illustrated so admirably for us the savage manners of our ancestors," the individual may have winced, but the public was a substantial gainer. No one can estimate the extent to which historical studies in England profited from the zeal with which Freeman scourged incompetence and presumption when he found them in the books sent to him for his notices in the *Saturday*.

A more intimate personal interest attaches to J. R. Green's association with this paper. One of his friends, Stopford Brooke, has told how he began to write for it while rector of one of the poorest parishes in the East End. He spent every penny of his stipend upon his parish, and used to send two or sometimes three articles a week to the *Saturday Review*, in order to get money for his own needs. One night he told Mr. Brooke, who was just then staying with him for a few days, that he had three articles to write for the *Saturday Review*, and they must all be done within thirty-six hours. One was a review of a volume of Freeman's "Norman Conquest"; the second was a "light middle"; the third was on the history of a small English town. Green had worked them all into form as he was walking that day about the parish and in London. Of these three articles, one was finished before two o'clock in the morning, while his visitor was talking to him, and the other two were ready by the end of the next day.

The same friend, as quoted by James Bryce in his biographical notice of Green, gives a striking account of how he used to prepare these historical sketches of towns which were a notable feature of his work for the *Saturday*. Early one morning Green reached Troyes with two companions, and at once started off to explore it, darting hither and thither through the streets, like a dog trying to find a scent. After lunch the party of travellers went on to Basel. Green sat down to write when his companions went to bed, and the next morning he laid on the breakfast table an article on Troyes, which was really a history in miniature. Yet he had never been in the place before or made a special study of it. Green's connection with the *Saturday Review* was ultimately broken off, not for political reasons, like Freeman's, but for literary. After a good deal of his "Short History" had gone through the press, he felt that its style was too much in the manner of his weekly articles. He therefore cancelled a good deal of what had already been set up and stereotyped, recasting it in another fashion, and giving up journalism altogether, in order that he might complete the work in the way he thought it should be written.

Leslie Stephen was another Liberal in politics who found it possible to write largely for the *Saturday Review* for many years, usually on neutral subjects. In a letter of his to Lowell, dated 1869, he says that he writes two articles a week for that paper, one a review of a book, and one a "middle." "I never," he says, "or very seldom, write about America directly, because I disapprove of the whole politics of the *Saturday* on that and on most other points. The fact is that my opinions are not very salable among the classes which buy the *Saturday*, and I only give them vent occasionally." Only a few years after the close of the Civil War, Stephen expressed his belief that most of the writers to the *Saturday* were on the side of the North, although the paper itself supported the South. But, in spite of his Liberalism, Leslie Stephen was a contributor whom even a Tory journal might well be anxious to keep, if by any editorial ingenuity he could be shunted off dangerous topics. As one of his chiefs has testified, "the sensation of the editor when he broke open an envelope and caught a glimpse of Stephen's neat, small handwriting in the customary long lines was as that of the man who spies a bright banknote."

It is a big jump from Freeman and Green and Stephen to Mrs. Lynn Linton. But her work illustrated much better than theirs the characteristic attitude and outlook of the *Saturday*. She is chiefly remembered nowadays as the author of several novels which, though once popular, have long ceased to be widely read. Her real distinction, however, was as one of the pioneers of the profession of journalism for women. She used to contribute editorial articles to the *Morning Chronicle* before Harriet Martineau had joined the staff of the *Daily News*. When the former paper had to be given up and its editor, Cook, started the *Saturday Review*, he enlisted Mrs. Lynn Linton among his helpers, and for many years, both under him and under his successor, Philip Harwood, she wrote for it numerous articles and reviews. The best known were the "Girl of the Period" series. They created quite a sensation at the time they appeared, and they cannot safely be neglected by any one who attempts to write a history of recent changes of opinion with regard to the duties and rights of women.

The decline of the *Saturday Review* preceded that of its great rival, the *Spectator*, though from different causes. Just now the Unionists are in sore need of a really strong weekly to help steady the party and save it from being blown about by every wind of doctrine. The new directors of the *Saturday* have, at any rate, a rare opportunity.

H. W. H.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It may not occur to every student of Americana that he would find something about the New England Independents in Alexander Ross's "Pansebeia," as the work has no section devoted to the Western Hemisphere. But turning to the edition of 1658, in its view of the religions of Europe, we find this:

Q. 18. What tenets are held by the Independents of New England?
Ans. Besides those opinions which they hold with other Independents, they teach that the Spirit of God dwells personally in all the Godly.
2. That their Revelations are equall in Authority with the Scriptures.
3. That no man ought to be troubled in his Conscience for sinne, being he is under the Covenant of grace.
4. That the law is no rule of our conversation.
5. That no Christian should be prest to practise holy duties.
6. That the soul dyeth with the body.
7. That all the Saints upon earth have two bodies.
8. That Christ is not united to our fleshly body, but to the new body, after the manner that his Humanity is united to his Divinity.
9. That Christ's Humanity is not in heaven.
10. That he hath no other body but his Church.
11. They reckon all Reformed Churches, except themselves profane and unclean.

"All these opinions," he concludes, "savour of nothing but of pride, carnall security, blasphemy, and slighting of God's written word, which is able to make the men of God perfect and wise unto salvation."

No New England Independent of the present day would recognize a reflex of his theological ideas in these eleven paragraphs. The controversialists of the seventeenth century had apparently a strong belief in their own infallibility and glibly attributed to their opponents the most preposterous opinions. It was a short and easy method: "You do not hold my opinions, *therefore* you are a heretic instigated by the devil and full of blasphemy and unrighteousness." Such would be a fair epitome of many wearisome tomes of polemics. Ross, who died in 1653, was the author of many books, mostly with pedantic titles (as "Rasura Tonsoris," "Mel Heliconium," and "Arcana Microcosmi"), and had sufficient courage to "refute" Bacon, Harvey, Hobbes, and Sir Thomas Browne. The first edition of the "Pansebeia" appeared in 1653, and the author died in the following year. Here is the title of the edition already quoted:

ΠΑΝΣΕΒΕΙΑ: or, A view of al Religions in the World: With the Severall Church Governments, from the Creation to these times. Also, a Discovery of all known *Heresies* in all Ages and Places: And Choice Observations and Reflections throughout the whole. *The Third Edition, Enlarged and Perfected*, by Alexander Ross. To which are annexed The Lives, Actions, and Ends of certain Notorious Hereticks. With their

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effigies in Copper-plates . . . Printed for *John Saywell*, and are to be sold at the sign of the *Greyhound* in Little Britain, and at the *Pile of Bibles* in the Stocks Fish-market, looking into Lombard Street over against the Post-house, London, 1658.

In the "Booksellers' Advertisement" we are assured that this larger book has been faithfully printed from the author's MS. and with so much care that it is "needless to prefix an *errata*." For the biographies at the end Ross had no responsibility. Although the signatures of this appendix run on, the pagination is separate, and there is an independent title-page which reads:

Apocalypsis: or the Revelation of certain notorious advancers of Heresie: Wherein their Visions and private Revelations by dreams, are discovered to be most incredible blasphemies, and enthusiastical dotages: Together with an account of their Lives, Actions, and Ends. Whereunto are added the effigies of seventeen (who excelled the rest in rashness, impudence, and lying,) done in copper plates. Faithfully and impartially translated out of the Latine by J. D. The second Edition, ... Printed for John Saywell. . . . London, 1658.

This forms a duodecimo book of 78 numbered pages, preceded by 20 and followed by 4 unnumbered pages. The dedication is signed Jo. Davies—the well-known though little-read Davies of Kidwelly. The book is inscribed to "the excellently learned" Edward Benlowes, who was a patron of Ross, a benefactor of the library of St. John's College (of which Davies was a member), and the author of "Theophila," a poem once admired and now forgotten. Davies says that the book he translated was "written in Latine by a most elegant pen by one who hath concealed his name, as I conceive out of this reason, that living near the times and places of this representation, it might have proved dangerous to him to have published it." As nearly a century had elapsed, this does not seem very likely. In the sixth edition of Ross's book all evidence that the "Lives" were the work of Davies of Kidwelly is omitted! The literary genealogy of the book appears to be as follows: In 1607 the publisher Haestens, of Leyden, issued "Grouwelen der voornaemste Hooft-Ketteren," and this was reprinted by Dorp in 1623. In 1608 Haestens published a German translation entitled "Greuwel der vornaemste Hauptketzeren," and a Latin version which appeared as "Speculum Anabaptistici furoris," and also under the title "Apocalypsis insignium aliquot Haeresiarcharum, interprete H. S. F. D. M. D." This is the Latin version which was turned into English by Davies of Kidwelly. The text is not remarkable either for clarity or accuracy, but fairly represents the attitude of the "orthodox" party towards the "heterodox." There are portraits of Thomas Muntzer, John Mathias, John Buckhold (Jan of Leyden), Hermannus Sutor, Theodorus Sartor, David George, Michael Servetus, "Arrius," Mahommed, Balthazar Hubmor, John Hut, Lodowick Hetzer, Melchior Hofman, Melchior Rinck, Adam Pastor, and Henry Nicholas. Many of these names are associated with the Peasants' War in Germany, which, in spite of the excesses by which it was in part marked, was a struggle of the downtrodden poor against their oppressors. The authorship of the "Apocalypsis" remains unknown, and indeed the main interest of the book is now in its portraits. But he would be a bold man who vouched for the authenticity of these effigies of Jan of Leyden, and of the others concerned in the grotesque tragedy of the Kingdom of God in Münster. Let those who are horrified by the excesses into which the Anabaptists were driven remember the bloody persecution and grinding oppression endured by the peasants before they rose against their tyrants. "When the poor have nothing else to eat," says Victor Hugo, "they will eat the rich." At least they will try to do so. It is a fact which the rich in all ages will do well to remember.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

NATURALIZATION FOR JAPANESE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I take the liberty of writing you in regard to the situation of the Japanese in America, and especially concerning the Japanese Franchise League, which has for its purpose the obtaining of naturalization for our race.

To hosts of foreigners who swarm to these shores, and to the negro, the right of citizenship is granted, while it is refused to the Asiatics. This is obviously a rank and glaring injustice, and on many of us who have permanently settled in this country it imposes a handicap in every field of enterprise. It is the foundation for innumerable other discriminations—the California Anti-Alien Land bill being a striking example. The Government unquestionably has the right to legislate as it sees fit regarding labor, immigration, and naturalization; but its laws should apply equally to all, regardless of race and nationality.

Racial prejudice is at the very root of all this trouble, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese are probably more hard-working, law-abiding, and less associated with scandal and crime than other foreigners in this country; ambitious, forever seeking to improve themselves and their surroundings, they would work to its economic interest. The strangest and most consoling part of it all is that the best element, the most educated of Americans, are not responsible for these injustices—in fact, know surprisingly little about them. The lower classes, trade unions, and the politicians who cater to them, are the real trouble makers, and it is this that should be brought to light.

"I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens." Such was the measure suggested by former President Roosevelt, and such is the actual and direct object of our League.

H. OHASHI.

New York, July 25.

THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE TOWARDS ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there anything in the world more discouraging than the attitude of the American public towards art?

As a people we profess to take a great interest in art, yet there died a few days ago, in Paris, one of the first of modern painters, a man whose position in his profession is recognized everywhere but in this enlightened country, where the notice of his death was tucked away in a remote part of the newspapers that printed it, which announced simply the fact of his having died at a hospital in Paris, adding casually that he had exhibited several times in the Salon—nothing more!

The fact that thousands of painters exhibit annually in the Salons would seem to render this piece of information, to say the least, inadequate as interesting news.

For twenty years and more the work of Gaston La Touche has been a feature of the best exhibitions of the world, and as long ago as the Paris exhibition of '89 it created a sensation.

His mastery of composition, color, and the fine decorative quality of his painting prove him a master in his profession.

He was one of the great men of the most artistic nation in the world, and it is most mortifying to realize from the meagreness of his death notice the dense ignorance of the American public in everything vital relating to art.

When, a few years ago, a jury of artists, elected by their fellow artists for the purpose, awarded the gold medal at the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh to La Touche for his admirable picture, The Bath, the press of this country fairly teemed with comments upon this selection, not because the picture was recognized as a masterpiece by a distinguished painter and selected for honor by a distinguished jury, but because it happened to include a nude figure.

It was reproduced and sensationally gossiped about for weeks afterwards, and never a word published in regard to its great artistic quality.

To-day also I read in my newspaper this item: "There was surprise at a sale of pictures at Christie's to-day, when a small painting of a fête champêtre fetched $5,760."

The newspapers know very well what will most interest their public, viz., the price.

They therefore ignore the fact that those who really care for painting as an art are only able to judge of the value of a work they have not seen if they know the name of its author. Price to them is a negligible matter.

We speak of "a Velasquez," "a Whistler," "a Sargent," and so establish the standing of a work.

In this case the very unconvincing title "Fête Champêtre" is given as summing up its complete news value.

Again and again, our papers report the unveiling of a picture, or statue, giving long accounts of the ceremonies, the speeches, the music, and the people who attend the function, and never a mention of the artist who created the work.

In no other country do we find such self-satisfaction and complacency in regard to art as we do over here, and nowhere else such a lack of real intelligent appreciation, although we hear a great deal about art and profess to feel deeply interested in all that concerns it.

Is it necessary to cite as an instance of the quality of this interest the proposed duty on works of art which is to be included in our revised tariff?

I will confess to a completely hopeless feeling in finding this utterly indefensible

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and uncalled-for protection of our artists included in this revision.

It simply puts one more spoke in the wheel of our artistic progress.

We, the artists of this country, do not want it; we have not asked for it. On the contrary, we beg and pray that obstacles which keep out art work that aids and stimulates us may be removed and not arbitrarily imposed upon us by people who do not understand our needs and who take not the slightest interest in our profession.

The more we can see of what is being accomplished by artists all over the world the better it will be for our young art.

New, strong work stimulates, invigorates, and helps us in our efforts to produce something that each sincere worker cannot help hoping may some time stand as worthy and representative examples of American art. JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

New York, July 17.

SHORT-WINDED DRAMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent experiment of the Princess Theatre in New York, with its intimate auditorium seating less than 300 and its repertory of one-act plays, is the most significant event of the theatrical year. It is but natural that people who have grown to prefer magazines to novels should also welcome a dramatic evening made up of three or four short, varied impressions rather than one long, consecutive, well-developed dramatic idea. Such a taste is, however, only a reversion to type. Sorbière, visiting London in the seventeenth century, wondered at the pot-pourri of scenes the English plays presented as compared with the well-built drama of his native France. He was told, however, that people liked the hodge-podge, enjoying one scene at a time and having no thought for the total effect.

Besides tending to make us less long-winded and conservative in our theatrical amusements, a theatre like the Princess is likely to stimulate the production of one-act plays just as the American magazine has fostered the short story. If the public demands artistic dramatic driblets, it will certainly get them, though the three and four-act play will never become extinct any more than the novel. We have only to look at the repertory of the Grand Guignol in Paris to see what is likely to happen in New York. This Grand Guignol has long been the prototype of all small theatres. Its little Gothic auditorium seats only 235, and the number of one and two-act plays it has given in the ten or more years of its existence is notable for variety and dramatic worth. A list of them is printed on the theatre programme. First one notices that the short story has been a dramatic mine for French writers of short plays. They have gone to their own Maupassant and Marcel Prévost, and have also borrowed largely from Poe and W. W. Jacobs. Probably O. Henry is too distinctively American for them, but that should be the best of reasons for giving his stories a dramatic setting at the Princess. The biggest success of the Grand Guignol in this line was a dramatization of Mark Twain's "How I Became the Editor of an Agricultural Paper." Played under the name of "The Chicago Farmer," it lost none of its original humor and delighted Paris for months with its satire on journalism. The best dramatic writers of Paris do not scorn the stage of the Grand Guignol. Mirbeau, Capus, Pierre Veber, Georges Berr, and Georges Courteline have all contributed to its repertory. Its manager, Max Maury, is also a noted playwright. Most remarkable of them all is André de Lorde, who by his dramatizations of Poe and his own originality has shown how much tense horror can be compressed into a short play. It is the mission of the Grand Guignol to make people laugh and also to make their blood run cold. The chance has at last come for American playwriters to produce some exquisite Tanagra bits of dramatic literature.

FRANK R. ARNOLD.

Logan, Utah, July 20.

TOURIST CHARGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems unfortunate that two such able gentlemen as Professor D'Ooge and Mr. Joseph Pennell should fall out over the question of tourist charges at ancient ruins, especially as some part of the difference appears to be due to varying premises. Professor D'Ooge has been very recently in Athens and Sicily and should speak by the card. PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., July 26.

A NEW PUNCTUATION MARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope I shall not be numbered with the Athenians if I give expression to a desire for a new mark of punctuation.

To find in an article devoted to a certain author or book, among various quotations from the author or book under consideration, one or more quotations from another source (not indicated), all between the same kind of inverted commas, is very confusing to such poor mortals as have not the wide range of allusion of a Lowell or a Meredith.

A case in point occurs in your review of Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude," this week. The reviewer writes: "So far he [the hero] has been able to take hardships as adventures, 'and nothing hurt where everything was romance.'" Now, all the other quotations in the review article are unmistakably from the book under review; this one is not. It may be, and it may not be; there is nothing in the external form of it to show whether it is or not. If it is not, then to one ignorant of this fact it would be exceedingly embarrassing if he were to make use of this quotation, adding with a fine show of up-to-date knowledge—"as Mr. Walpole says in his latest book"—only to be met with the crushing rejoinder, "Oh, but it was not Mr. Walpole who said that; it was Shakespeare or Mr. George Bernard Shaw."

The same confusing state of affairs is constantly encountered in encyclopædia articles. For example, I found in the new edition of Hauck's "Realencyklopädie," a fine thing I should very much like to use, but dare not, not being sure how to introduce it. The writer of the article on Adolf Hausrath, in volume 23, refers to the last years of Hausrath's life, during which his loneliness and deprivations awakened in him the longing "den hölzernen Schlafrock anzuziehen." Is that Hausrath's phrase or is the author drawing upon his own dictionary of quotations?

By common consent a satisfactory distinction might perhaps be arranged between the single and the double inverted commas; or, better yet, why could not the quotation marks frequently employed in German and French books («—») be used for all quotations not taken from the author directly under discussion?

This would make for clearness and for the diminishing of ignorance in the world—surely a most worthy cause.

ALBERT T. W. STEINHAEUSER.

Allentown, Pa., July 10.

Literature

TREVELYAN'S "BRIGHT."

The Life of John Bright. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50 net.

John Bright could not be got in his life-time to take any interest in a possible biography. "My life is in my speeches," he said simply. That was true, for into his speeches he had wrought the thought and purpose and struggle of his life. Yet they were as a fine product to the making of which went much that we can understand only by all that can be extracted from his letters and diaries, as well as from current records and the contemporary judgments of his friends or foes. This aid to knowledge of the true Bright Mr. Trevelyan has given us in this volume with the literary skill, the restraint, the penetration, the entire fairness which we have learned to expect of him. The result is a rich and repaying book.

The secret of Bright's oratory is the secret of genius. This is the only conclusion one can come to after noting all the explanations offered. We are shown Bright forging the formidable weapon of his speaking-power through years of agitation and of practice. His voice was nature's gift, and so was his impressive port; his noble bearing bespoke a noble soul; but where did he get his style? The question is more piquing and baffling than in Macaulay's case. Macaulay's speeches can still be read, though with difficulty. Gladstone's are now impossible, except for the historian. But Bright's live on because they are literature. The uneducated cotton-spinner easily surpassed the best that the universities could do. Bright himself once said that if there was anything good in his manner of speaking it was largely due to his having steeped himself in good reading. He was at home in the great English poets; he often echoed the organ voice of England; he was mighty in the English Bible. Yet to say this merely throws us back on the selective taste and the genius for combination and arrangement and for

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majestic utterance which Bright possessed and which made him, even on the confession of a political enemy and an unsentimental critic like Lord Salisbury, "the greatest master of English oratory that this generation has produced, or I may say several generations back." "I have met," added Salisbury, "men who have heard Pitt and Fox and in whose judgment their eloquence at its best was inferior to the finest efforts of John Bright."

Great themes upon which to wreak his eloquence, John Bright did not lack. The wrongs of millions of his countrymen, economic freedom, enfranchisement, the high issues of peace and war, the pursuit of human slavery to its extinction —these were the subjects on which he won the ear of England and of the world. To Bright the Corn Laws, into the long fight for the repeal of which he poured all the energy of his young manhood, were no mere legislative blunder, no pale abstraction. He saw their effects written in human misery all around him in Lancashire. The dwarfed and blighted lives of the factory-workers were to him the express results of law-making by a class against a class —what he described in his private diary as "the selfishness and fraud which distinguish the government of the English oligarchy." So the tow in Bright was ready for the spark which Cobden let fall upon it; and when the two made their memorable pact not to rest until the Corn Laws were stricken from the statute-book, it was Cobden who furnished the logic and the generalship, Bright who supplied the massive passion. His speeches throughout this prolonged and hard-fought campaign rose higher and higher in tone, as he felt the burden on his heart grow heavier. Indeed, in a poignant sense of the suffering which wicked laws were causing men and women and children, Bright seems to have led all his generation. No churchman appears to have been so deeply touched with this feeling as was the Quaker. One does not recall John Henry Newman, for example, ever alluding to the Corn Laws or to the agitation to undo them; there is no entry under the word in the index to Mr. Ward's Life of him. But Bright was overwhelmed by the concrete sorrows of his kind which left the theologian unmoved—perhaps but dimly knowing. Yet the intensity of the great agitator's emotions did not throw him off his balance. He wonderfully kept his head, and when success at last crowned his labors, he gloried in the demonstration that a way to freedom had been found "not through violence and bloodshed." His motto was, "Moderate but irresistible in our moderation." This, be it remembered, came at a time when a Chartist orator was declaiming: "If they will not reform this . . . we have sworn by our God, by heaven, earth, and hell, that we shall wrap in one awful sheet of devouring flame the manufactories of the cotton tyrants and the palaces of those who raised them by rapine and murder." The dead failure of the Chartists, over against the triumph of Bright—even in the matter of obtaining what the Chartists wanted, the vote for workingmen—has its historic warning for the modern violent school, from syndicalists to militant suffragists.

By the compulsion of his mission, rather than by personal preference, Bright went to Parliament, just as much later he took office against his will under Gladstone, the first Nonconformist ever to sit in the English Cabinet. From the first in the Commons he was neither over-awed nor truculent. But he was soon found to be not only a speaker of the highest charm and power, but a man-at-arms in debate. It was said of him that if he had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter; and certainly he laid about him with lusty blows. Palmerston was the man at whom he most frequently squared off in those years; and at the time of the Crimean War Bright more than once put the veteran to rout, with such stout declarations, backed up by ample proof, as: "I am not afraid of discussing the war with the noble Lord on his own principles. I understand the Blue Books as well as he, and I say that the war cannot be justified out of these documents."

What Bright did for America and for freedom during our Civil War is part of the history of that struggle. Again he set himself against aristocratic and official England, and again he was right. His constant appeal was that in the future it might not be said by Americans that "in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children." When the news came of Lee's surrender, Bright wrote in his journal: "Slavery has measured itself with freedom, and slavery has perished in the struggle. How often have I longed and prayed for this result, and how much have I suffered from anxiety whilst it has been slowly working out, I only know!" And in the same private record he set down this remarkable estimate of Lincoln:

> Heard of the shocking tragedy in Washington—the murder of President Lincoln. For an hour or near it, I felt stunned and *ill*. . . . I will not write an eulogy on the character of President Lincoln—there will be many to do that now he is dead. *I have spoken of him when living*. . . . In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty, a great courage—shown in the fact that in his speeches and writings, no word of passion or of panic, or of ill-will has ever escaped him—a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul, proved by the absence of irritation and menace under circumstances of the most desperate provocation, and a pity and mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn as from the very fount of Christian charity and love. His *simplicity* for a time did much to hide his *greatness*, but all good men everywhere will mourn for him, and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men.

By this time Bright had conquered his place in the public life of England. On one agitated question after another the country had swung round to him. His power of "sympathetic foresight"—that essential quality of a statesman—had been vindicated on many occasions. He had been right, when the weight of fastidious opinion was against him, on the Corn Laws, right on the extension of the suffrage to the working classes, right on the Crimean War, right on the American Civil War, right on the Irish land question. Long after his death, it appeared that he was right on another question on which his position was ridiculed while he was alive—we mean his proposal, in 1883, to override the veto of the House of Lords, almost exactly in the way provided by the Parliament Act of 1911. With such a record and with such an influence, it was inevitable that Bright should be summoned to a share in the counsels of the Government. The offer had frequently been made to him, but declined. Even Disraeli had pressed Bright to join his Ministry. It was easy for Bright to refuse the man whom he characterized in his diary as the possessor of "intellect and courage and patience and unscrupulousness, employed in the service of a party full of prejudices and selfishness and wanting in brains." But he could not deny Gladstone in 1868, though he felt—and he was right in this—that he was not well fitted for the routine work of office, and shrank from both the cares and the compromises of a Cabinet position. "I abhor the very idea of joining the Administration," he wrote to a friend. "*I am in office now*, and who will take my place if I relinquish it?" His instinct was, indeed, sure in this matter. He was never happy in office. And some of his deepest chagrins came in his differences with the great Liberal leader under whom he undertook to serve. All this later period of Bright's life Mr. Trevelyan passes over hurriedly. It was the twilight time of the great orator and agitator. Failing health and political worries robbed him of his early spontaneity, and swayed a little the balance of his judgment. It was really a tragic moment for John Bright—the man who had again and again cried from the battlements, "Coercion is no remedy"—when on March 22, 1887, he went into the Government lobby on the motion to give precedence to the "Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill." This break with his past and wrench away from old associates unquestionably sprang from the highest sense of duty in Bright, but that did not diminish for him the disappointment and

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grief and suffering of the last years of his public life.

We can but repeat our praise of the way in which Mr. Trevelyan has done his work. The necessary political framework of his picture of Bright's life he has kept, as it should be, in skeleton. He explains without overloading. Nor is he an indiscriminate panegyrist. He is frank in dealing with Bright's few mistakes. And an occasional shrewd comment reminds us how the lapsing years often leave even a sane and honest political judgment looking awry. Thus Bright was never tired of speaking of the aristocracy, opposed to the workingmen, as the "tax-eating" class. But Mr. Trevelyan quietly remarks that had Bright lived to our own day, he would have seen "the working class do a little 'tax-eating' on its own behalf, through state-provided education, old-age pensions, and other schemes." But the total impression of Bright which the volume makes is that of the finest strength and most complete courage blent with a tenderness of heart like a woman's. The letter which he wrote at the time of the death of his little son is a precious thing in itself and reveals the unaffectedness of his compassionate soul. When Cobden died, he essayed to speak in the Commons, but could not. He uttered a few broken sentences, then burst into tears and sat down overcome. And John Morley has said that "the most impressive and pure piece of religion" that he ever witnessed was John Bright reading a chapter of the Bible to his maid-servants, shortly after the death of his wife, "in his beautiful and feeling voice, followed by the Quaker silence."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Turning of Griggsby. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Bros.

"The Turning of Griggsby" is a humorous sketch on the plane of Mr. Bacheller's "Keeping Up with Lizzie," a fact which the author recognizes in his subtitle, "A story of keeping up with Daniel Webster." Griggsby is merely one of the scores of American villages in which, twenty years after his death, Webster still set the fashion:

> All through the North, from the Atlantic to the far frontiers beyond the Mississippi, men in beaver hats and tall collars were playing Daniel Webster. They dressed as he had dressed, and had his grand manners, while their diaphragms were often sorely strained in an effort to deliver his deep resounding tones. The peace of most farms and villages was disturbed by Websterian shouts of ready-made patriotism from the lips of sires and sons.

Especially in his capacity of "sublime toper" he served as a comfortable model for pretentious feebleness. Griggsby is a town of drunken speechmaking. Its leading lights are equally devoted to rum and oratory. The younger generation is successfully following the example of the leading lights. "Flowers of rhetoric grow on it as naturally as moss on a log," and it has mastered the principle that a tumbler of rum is an essential preliminary to all effort. Mr. Bacheller, chiefly by way of a citizen of Griggsby, Mr. Daniel Webster Smead, enlarges upon this theme in a very amusing way. The upshot is that by the joint efforts of Mr. Smead and a determined schoolgirl who gets hold of the village paper, Griggsby is awakened to the absurdity of its position, the leading lights are brought to see the error of their ways, and the days of the beaver hat and the Websterian period are numbered.

The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Dr. Whitty, of Ballintra, is another of those joyous and irresponsible young gentlemen who appear to hold most positions of responsibility in Mr. Birmingham's Connacht. Ballintra is a very small coast village, and a good deal of ingenuity is needed to extract as much amusement from its modest resources as Dr. Whitty contrives to do. His quality of physician and surgeon to the whole village yields certain opportunities, but it is clear that he does not depend on them. The smallest incident out of the common is capable of serving as the fulcrum by which he moves his world. If Michael Geraghty has a pair of anchors to dispose of, the Government must be caused to supply Ballintra channel with two buoys to attach them to, and the whole community must be cajoled into working towards that end. If the widow Canavan is evicted from her farm, Dr. Whitty may be trusted to nurse the simple incident into a political broil. Visitors to Ballintra are his natural prey, and the local magnates, the priest, the rector, the squire, and the chief publican, are clay in his hands. In short, he is fully worthy of the kindred heroes of "Spanish Gold" and "The Search Party." There is a suggestion of the casual whimsy of the late Frank Stockton in Mr. Birmingham's humor which must endear him to American readers of the elder generation.

Parrot & Co. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The heroine, wandering oversea in the hope that time and absence will clarify her intention regarding a highly suitable but not quite satisfactory engagement, is discovered voyaging down the Irrawaddy River from Mandalay to Rangoon. Now, as we all know, thanks to Mr. Kipling, in that part of the world the difficulty of telling a good man from a bad man is enormously aggravated. Imagine, then, the perplexity of the maiden who shall undertake, in these problematical climes, to decide upon the relative merits of her absent fiancé and the stranger who, but for khaki, sunburn, and an accompanying parrakeet, appears his exact counterpart. From Prome to Rangoon, from Rangoon to Singapore, the mystery of the likeness deepens, while Elsa's preference for present company grows, and the weather-beaten adventurer ever more insistently denounces himself as an undesirable acquaintance, barred from polite society by a criminal past. That Elsa is in time to declare for the parrot-fancier, and that in the end her judgment is to be abundantly vindicated, we are constantly encouraged to expect, but the exact nature of the dénouement and the circuitous path by which it is to be reached are discreetly guarded from too ready surmise. It is in prolonging the revelation that the author displays his skill—and, we are tempted to add, his only skill. Popular fiction contains whole hosts of American heroines whose wealth, beauty, and virgin scorn of conventions render them alike indistinguishable from Elsa and from one another, whole regiments of muscular Don Quixotes endowed with formidable business ability, among whom Warrington could never be identified without his parrot.

Ever After. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

As the title indicates, this is a story of domestic life—but not of a course of smooth felicity, even after marriage. Its originality lies in the temperamental peculiarities of the pair, for the theme is the old one of a poor young man, full of lavish *bonhomie*, allying himself to a rich girl who has inherited the precise economical traits of her grandparents. At first Dana's and Lucy's common tastes for art keep their affection strong; but in spite of his insouciant acceptance of life upon her funds, the money question finally becomes as dominant a spectre as in any of Balzac's stories. In the midst of music and painting, irritation grows to an open breach. "When you spend a dollar, you should remember it is all twenty dollars can earn in a year," is her reproach; and "It is right to save, it is often wrong to spend, but to love to save, to hate to spend—that is evil," is his. It is clear to the reader, charmed into liking both young people, that both are somewhat wrong; and the solution, a separation which teaches the husband in New York the value of money, and the wife in Boston its valuelessness, is convincing of the final reconciliation. Indeed, the unhappiness of the book is glossed over with a fine feminine optimism and a brave disregard of psychological ten-

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sion; while the happy passages stand out as frequent milestones. For a novel of its length, the story is curiously without minor characters. But perhaps this is the reason the two main personages, moving through scenes of artist life none too realistic, have still an air of reality.

CHURCH-GOING.

The Country Church: The Decline of Its Influence and the Remedy. By Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Some twenty years ago Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire, issued a proclamation on "The Increasing Paganism of New England," in which he asserted that the rural churches in New Hampshire and the other Puritan commonwealths were losing steadily in members and attendants, and that there was a consequent decay of morals. His opinions were combated vigorously, while others supported them, but no one seemed to have in hand facts to settle the question. Investigation has now been made with such thoroughness and care as to establish entire confidence in the results: since the Governor of New Hampshire issued his alarming proclamation church attendance has diminished one-third in representative regions of New England and New York. There is abundant indication that the movement had an earlier origin, and that comparison with a period fifty or sixty years ago would show a much more serious decline.

Four years ago the Rev. Charles Otis Gill, a graduate of Yale College and Union Theological Seminary, and a man of experience as a country minister, began an exhaustive study of church conditions in Windsor County, Vermont. He collected facts for a comparison between the situation in 1888 and 1908 as to membership, church attendance, contributions, ministers' salaries, the education of ministers, the effect of too many churches for the population, the difference between churches in the village and in the smaller communities, and the changes in population and in agricultural conditions. Every town and every hamlet in the county was thoroughly investigated. From the tax lists in each township—the poll tax in Vermont secures the enrolment of every voter—a complete list of families was obtained, and the church-going habits of every resident were ascertained from a number of trustworthy witnesses. Any one acquainted with the character of the people of rural New England will not doubt the possibility of reaching sound results by such methods. There can be no question as to Mr. Gill's thoroughness or impartiality, and fortunately he has been able to check his results by records of attendance kept in a number of congregations. These confirm the accuracy of his figures to a surprising degree, and show that, if he has erred in either direction, he has understated the seriousness of the decline. Similar methods were employed in a study of Tompkins County, New York, of which Ithaca is the only large community, and the results are even more depressing than those obtained in Vermont.

The most impressive fact derived from this painstaking investigation is that church attendance has fallen off in the last twenty years 31 per cent. in Windsor County, Vermont, and 33 per cent. in Tompkins County, New York. Town after town is listed in which the attendance has diminished 40, 50, and even as high as 76 per cent. The smaller losses for the counties as a whole are reached only by inclusion of the larger villages, in which church life has been better sustained than in the agricultural communities. In the strictly rural districts the loss in attendance in Tompkins County was 40 per cent., and in Windsor County 53 per cent.

There has, to be sure, been a decrease of population in these regions, the number of inhabitants in the farming portions of Windsor County having diminished steadily since 1850. This in itself is a serious fact, but the loss in church efficiency is more serious, since, when allowance is made for the decline in population, the loss in church attendance in Windsor County was more than 29 per cent., and in Tompkins County more than 19 per cent.

Financially the country churches make a somewhat better showing. In the Vermont county expenditures in the Protestant churches increased 23 per cent. in the twenty years, and in the New York county they advanced 7 per cent. But in purchasing power this is turned into a loss of 2 per cent. and 9 per cent., respectively. The salaries of 34 out of 53 ministers in Windsor County, when measured in purchasing power, were less in 1908 than in 1888, and in Tompkins County 21 out of 29 ministers suffered a similar loss of income. Above one-fourth of the ministers in Windsor County received $600 or less in 1908, and the average for the entire county was $814. Other facts are cited which justify the statement that "the average minister in Windsor and Tompkins Counties does not receive a living salary: much less does he receive a working salary."

One who regards the old-time power of the New England clergy and the traditions of intellectual seriousness in the religious life of its country towns will be especially grieved by the presentation of the educational equipment of the ministers. In Vermont only one pastor out of four had received both a college and seminary training, and fully one-third were deficient according to any reasonable standard of ministerial preparation. Windsor County is just across the Connecticut River from Dartmouth College. Vermont itself has three colleges, while New England is overcrowded with theological seminaries, the most lavishly endowed educational institutions in America. Something is evidently wrong with these institutions, when their influence has extended only to one clergyman out of four in their immediate vicinity.

In only one respect are the data collected by Mr. Gill at all encouraging, and that is in the matter of church membership. Church membership in the period under review increased in Windsor County 4 per cent. and in Tompkins County 2 per cent. This fact, however, when compared with the statistics as to attendance and expenditures, is shown to be misleading. The conclusion is not that the church is maintaining its hold on the community, but that the responsibilities of church membership are sitting more lightly upon communicants, and that church rolls are usually grossly padded. Mr. Gill found one church in Vermont with an average attendance of 75, an enrolled membership of 271, of whom only 186 were found to be actually living. His research has revealed a striking diminution of attendance in proportion to membership, the number of worshippers formerly exceeding the membership, but in recent years being much less. This fact suggests that conclusions of undue optimism may have been drawn from the figures frequently published as to the millions of church members of the various Protestant denominations of the United States and the growth of communicants from year to year.

It is unnecessary to examine at length the remedies suggested in this volume for the situation which it presents with such depressing abundance of detail. The chief significance of the volume is its presentation of facts in a field where opinion had varied according to temperament. That the facts as stated are correct, no one who knows the rural East can doubt. That they condemn the prevalent methods in "Home Missions," by which parsimonious subsidies are doled out to decadent congregations, which are allowed to continue the methods through which they are languishing, is equally clear. Messrs. Gill and Pinchot quote with approval the programme of the Inter-Church Federation of Vermont, which pledges the churches of the State to work for the uplift of the smaller towns and to subordinate their own promotion to that end. Just how these organizations can do this with their present leadership is not clear, but that the problem is one of prime importance to the religious and moral life of the nation is not open to question, and the facts which must lead to facing it with resolution are presented in this

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volume with a definiteness and completeness which no one has achieved hitherto.

A Wayfarer in China. Impressions of a Trip Across China and Mongolia. By Elizabeth Kendall. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

One of Congreve's characters in "The Old Bachelor" urges another to "dress up your face in innocence and smiles and dissemble the very want of dissimulation." Without much further contrivance than an unconscious following of the Old Bachelor's advice Miss Kendall, who is a professor in Wellesley College, appears to have accomplished a really extraordinary feat of travel in Eastern Asia and emerged buoyant and unharmed. She had acquired in other journeys the sense and serenity necessary for such adventures, though she attributes the success of her solitary enterprise to friends, both foreign and native. Her route carried her from Tongking across the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuan to regain the railway at Hankow, and subsequently along the old caravan road from Kalgan to Urga. Two such trips in a single summer indicate considerable fortitude, but no weariness of travel seems to have lessened her relish for unbeaten trails or her interest in the people along the way. Her immunity from harm was due, she thinks, partly to the fact that she was a woman and partly to her ignorance of the language; it is more likely that it was the result of her own urbanity and discretion, for the Chinese are both appreciative and reasonable, and in a country which enjoys no adequate police protection the people realize that security of life and property depends upon moral restraint. Moreover, they enjoy novelties, and now that the old antipathy of the literati has disappeared, there is no reason for apprehension that the common folk will regard a wandering foreigner—particularly a woman—otherwise than as a preternatural curiosity, and so exempt from attack.

Miss Kendall is not presumptuous enough to "have any impressions at all of anything so huge, so old, so varied, so complicated as China and its people," but her few concluding observations are marked by unusual penetration. The Chinese she holds to be "more like ourselves, or may be our ancestors, more like us at one stage or another, than any other people of the East that I had known." Her point of view is worth noting. Though making no pretension to any intimate knowledge, she has some advantage over residents in the empire in that she also knows the other original civilizations of Asia, the Semitic races, Turkey, and India, and is able to advance opinions of her own that are interesting and suggestive. Elsewhere the type has been moulded by dominant religious or military ideas; China and the Anglo-Saxon lands, though influenced by religion and arms, are chiefly devoted to material advantage:

> The Chinese, to be sure, is one of the most superstitious of men, but there is little more religion in his fears than is implied in the practices of many a Westerner. He never builds a straight entrance into his house, for he believes that evil spirits cannot move in a curved line; and across the world people who call him names because of this refuse to sit thirteen at a table. The malign influences appeased, the average Chinese goes his way untroubled or unconsoled by any thought concerning that which is to come, or at most he strives to acquire merit, not for a week only, but for a whole year, by some pilgrimage much more strenuous than church-going. Like the Western man of to-day, he also is impatient of priestly control, and is apt to say slighting things of his spiritual leaders. His mind is set not on things above, but on the bread-and-butter, or, more precisely, the rice, aspect of life. The scale of rewards is different, but the mainspring of daily living is much the same in the Far East and the Far West.

From her brief experience in the heart of China the author returns with an impression of tremendous force that she confesses to have been rather overwhelming. If their racial capacity for sobriety and organization is brought into play she believes that their new experiment in government will be successful. It is the problem rather than the past of China which concerns her most. The record of her journey chiefly reflects her human interest in the life of the common people about her. There is little in the volume that adds to our knowledge of the notable places in these remote regions or supplements the accounts of previous travellers. She made the ascent of the famous Omei, China's noblest sacred mountain, but one fails, somehow, to respond to her restrained description of that stupendous precipice. She has, evidently, a keener interest in the coolies that carried her and in a "Friends' Institute" which has been shrewdly organized by a missionary at Chung-king, where Chinese and foreign gentlemen meet socially, and occasional lectures present "the best of Christian civilization to a class often repelled by missionary propaganda." It is a reproach to the missions that clubs of this sort have not been introduced elsewhere in China. Miss Kendall's retreat from China was made across Mongolia on the old camel road, which, we are told, is still used as a post-route by the Russians, who find it convenient for purposes of "peaceful penetration" to have a mail forwarded once a month on a road of their own. The Mongol of to-day seems to be curiously similar to the degenerate Indian of our Western plains, but there is a rough good-nature about him that renders him more liked by Europeans than most Asiatics. Few inaccuracies mar the pages of this readable narrative, but for purposes of a possible future edition of the book it ought to be noted that Kublai was not the brother of Genghiz Khan, and that the Wusung railway from Shanghai was removed in 1876, not 1870.

A Turkish Woman's European Impressions. By Zeyneb Hanoum. Edited with an Introduction by Grace Ellison. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.75 net.

In this volume Miss Ellison gives us a series of letters received by her from one of the heroines of Loti's "Les Désenchantées" during her six years' residence in Western Europe. Read in sequence, the letters present a very human and a very pathetic story. In the beginning we learn of the disenchantment with her lot of the modern Turkish lady, highly educated, speaking three or four languages, and imbued through the literature of Western Europe, and often as a child through the teaching of a French or English governess, with admiration for the ideals and modes of life of the West. We are made to realize vividly the gloom, and often the horror, of her existence after she has assumed the veil and is virtually a prisoner for the rest of her life. The cruelty of her fate lies in the fact that the ideas and ideals of the West have been superimposed on the traditions and life of the East.

The two sisters, the impressions of one of whom are recorded in these letters, took their fate in their hands and escaped from their captivity; but still their story is one of disenchantment. The earlier pages are full of hope and expectation of what the promised land of the West holds in store for them; but as they proceed disappointment is piled on disappointment, disillusion added to disillusion, till we take leave of Zeyneb on board an eastern-bound steamer returning voluntarily to Turkey and the veil.

In the process of Zeyneb's disillusioning we discover anew the gulf that is fixed between the East and the West, and we are reminded that the good and the beautiful are not absolute terms. If some of her comments on our Western civilization are naïve and attributable to lack of understanding or of sympathy, others are exceedingly shrewd. All are interesting and reveal, both in matter and manner, a woman of exceptional intelligence and powers of observation. She flays the sports, the women's clubs, and the hospitality of the West, and shrewdly indicates her opinion of its society when she explains that in Turkish there is no word for "snobbery." On the other hand, she is enthusiastic about the London policeman, hansom cabs, the Empress Eugénie, and Ellen

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Terry. Englishmen, we are told, remind her of Turks, an appreciation that is intended on the whole to be complimentary; English women "are pretty but are deficient in charm." They are also "pig-headed, undiplomatic, brutally sincere," but good and faithful friends. All in all, Zeyneb admires most her own countrywomen, because, "in spite of the slavery of their existence, they have managed to keep their minds free from prejudice."

Zeyneb is in full sympathy with the Young Turks, and there is much illuminating comment on the terrors of the Hamidian régime. The letters close before the outbreak of the recent war, and one wishes for a series, written from her own harassed land since her return, that shall cover that period. It is to be feared that the elimination of Turkey as a European Power must add to the perplexities of the women of the harem in their struggle to reconcile the education of the West with the traditions of the East.

Notes

Mr. Frank H. Spearman's new novel, "Merrilie Dawes," announced by Scribners has a background of big financial battles in New York.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have in preparation "The Story of California," by Henry K. Norton.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in hand two new novels, one by Mrs. Mary Austin, the other by Bouck White.

Announcement is made by Henry Holt & Co. of a new novel by Beulah Marie Dix, and of "Schwarzwaldleut," a collection of five Black Forest stories—three by Heinrich Hansjakob and one each by Hermine Villinger and Auguste Supper—edited with vocabulary by Prof. E. C. Roedder.

Forthcoming novels of the Century Co. include "The Tinder Box," by Maria Thompson Daviess, and "The Truth About Camilla," by Gertrude Hall.

"The Social Rubaiyat of a Bud" (Paul Elder & Co.) is the title of a forthcoming satire by Mrs. Ambrose Madison Willis.

The Stratford Publishing Co., of Boston, announces for publication in the autumn "The Passing Singer and Other Poems," by Samuel Henry Marcus.

The following are new works of fiction promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for autumn: "The Story of Waitstill Baxter," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Otherwise Phyllis," by Meredith Nicholson; "Hagar," by Mary Johnston; "O Pioneers!" by Willa Sibert Cather; "Valentine," by Grant Richards; "The Confessions of a Débutante," anonymous; "Happy-Go-Lucky," by Ian Hay; "The Hand of Petrarch and Other Stories," by T. Russell Sullivan; "Simpson," by Elinor Mordaunt (Mrs. E. M. Wiehe); "The Spare Room," by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, and "November Joe," a detective story by Hesketh Prichard.

That neglect of Apollonius Rhodius by English Classicists which Mr. Mahaffy is wont to deplore is deprived of its last excuse by his colleague Mr. G. W. Mooney's well-executed and well-printed edition of the "Argonautica" (Longmans). The information which the strenuous student of the Teubner or Oxford text had to gather from every corner of his library, he now, without stirring from his easy chair, finds conveniently assembled in Mr. Mooney's introduction, footnotes, and appendices. There are at least seven English translations of the "Argonautica." But the only English annotated edition is, if we may say so, the Latin one of Shaw, dating from the eighteenth century. Wellauer's edition of 1828, containing the scholia, is indispensable to scholars, but not very inviting or helpful to students. Mr. Mooney has compiled and digested the nineteen more or less critical text editions enumerated in his preface, and a large number of dissertations on special points of style and metre. He has interpreted the difficult passages, transcribed the parallels from Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Virgil, and Valerius Flaccus, and in general furnished all the aids that the ordinary classical student will need for the intelligent enjoyment of the poem. Those who ask for more will note that he has missed a few points in the game of text criticism by overlooking the investigations and discoveries of the past ten years, in his reliance on the 1901 Oxford text of Seaton; that his study of Hellenistic language and literary art is virtually confined to a comparison of the epic usage of Apollonius with that of Homer and Virgil; and that his judicious, but not notably illuminating or penetrating, literary appreciations are derived chiefly from Mahaffy, Couat, and Sainte-Beuve. From his own reading he contributes a few Miltonic parallels which are of interest, but hardly prove that Milton was thinking of Apollonius rather than of Homer, Hesiod, and Virgil. At iii, 160, he records Preston's suggestion that Milton took from Apollonius's *καταβάτις κέλευθος* "his idea of the sunbeam bearing the angel Uriel slope-downward to the earth." But Milton's Uriel returns "slope-downward to the sun," and the beam that bears him to the earth is plainly suggested by the shooting-star in Theocritus xii, 52.

We can best characterize Mr. Mooney's work as a whole, in the words which Quintilian uses of his author, "non tamen contemnendum reddidit opus æquali quadam mediocritate," giving him the benefit of the interpretation that *mediocritas* means "neither rising on the one hand to the *genus grande*, nor on the other hand descending to the *genus subtile*." The chief service of the book will be to increase the number of English-reading students and teachers of Homer and Virgil who will attempt the "Argonautica" in the Greek. They may well still be few. For in Way's admirable translation Apollonius is little inferior to William Morris, and he is not much better in the original.

"The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" (Mitchell Kennerley) is an admirable compendium of the peculiar ironical wit of the author of "Erewhon." There is abundant amusement in the volume, and much profit for one who can keep apart the felt and the merely verbal aphorisms. H. Festing Jones, the author's old friend, has considerably rearranged and combined the journal entries. He promises to deposit in the British Museum a copy revealing his editorial procedures. Such matters, however, hardly concern the average reader, who will not challenge the compilation of a book so full of wisdom and diversion. In quoting a handful of the maxims it should be said that they often lose something in being torn from the neighboring and supporting epigrams. On life in general: "Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises." The saying links Paley with Bergson. "A sense of humor keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing." On the right of well-bred people to live by tradition and instinct Butler always insisted. "Life is like music, it must be composed by ear, feeling, and instinct, not by rule. Nevertheless, one had better know the rules, for they sometimes guide in doubtful cases—though not often." We cannot follow the Notebooks through the categories of letters, painting, music, travel, philosophy—under each there is abundant wit and wisdom. Let us take leave of Butler with a maxim which illustrates the peculiar concreteness of his sententious vein: "Attempts at classification are like nailing battens of our own flesh and blood upon ourselves as an inclined plane that we may walk up ourselves more easily; and yet it answers very sufficiently."

Prof. Charles A. Beard modestly speaks of his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" (Macmillan) as a fragment, and such it is, but as a pioneer work in a new field it has first-rate importance. Leaving at one side, save for a few significant allusions, the time-honored political view of the origin and nature of the Constitution, Professor Beard has sought to indicate, largely from a study of the records of the conventions of 1787-88, and of unpublished documents in the Treasury Department, the extent and character of economic influence in the formulation and acceptance of the instrument. To this end, he not only studies the economic situation and the content of public discussion in the States under the Articles of Confederation, but also analyzes the personnel of the Convention of 1787, the business, professional, and social relations of its members, their ownership of certificates of the public debt, and their financial interest in the establishment of a more efficient national government. His main conclusions are that the personal property interests of money, public securities, manufactures, trade, and shipping, which had suffered under the Articles, were those which chiefly originated and carried through the movement for the Constitution; that the masses without property, under the prevailing conditions of suffrage, were not represented in the Federal Convention, and that the members of the Convention, with a few exceptions, were "immediately, directly, and personally interested in, and derived economic advantages from, the establishment of the new system." The protection of property as "anterior to government and morally beyond the reach of popular majorities," and consequently entitled to special protection at the hands of the Federal Government,

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was the underlying motive of the Constitution. No popular vote was had on the question of calling the Convention; the vote on ratification probably did not exceed one-sixth of the total adult male population; while in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, and South Carolina it is doubtful if a majority of those who voted for members of the State ratifying conventions were in favor of ratification. The bearing of Professor Beard's conclusions on the juristic theory that the Constitution was the work of "the people," is obvious. We note one important misprint: "Portland," at page 255, should clearly be Portsmouth.

The primary aim of Oliver W. Norton's "Attack and Defence of Little Round Top" (Neale) appears to be to credit Gen. Strong Vincent with the honor of perceiving the strategic importance of Little Round Top, and of occupying it with his brigade though without specific orders to do so. Some hitherto unpublished letters of Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren, printed by Mr. Norton, make it clear that Warren, to whom the credit for the movement has been given, neither detached Vincent's brigade nor led it to the hill, but himself acknowledged the importance of Vincent's independent action. Mr. Norton's own account of this part of the battle fills only about twenty pages, the bulk of the volume being made up of extracts from other well-known narratives, with criticisms of their inaccuracies, and of the texts of official reports.

A weighty volume and a full one is "Mexico: The Land of Unrest" (Lippincott), by Henry Baerlein, the London *Times* correspondent. Chiefly an account of what produced the outbreak in 1910, together with the story of the revolutions that followed, it contains a mass of detail in regard to the present tangled state of affairs in Mexico. At the same time, it develops clearly the main outlines of Mexican history since the deposition of Diaz. The writer prides himself chiefly on showing that, in Diaz's increasing age, Mexico was not so blessedly without a history as she was thought to be and that below apparent order a smouldering discontent lay not five fathoms out of sight. There is a full account in the later pages of the interregnum after Diaz, of Madero's Administration and death, the death of Reyes, and the probable future of Huerta's Administration; while more than one hundred pages are given to the national background of the troublous times, with such themes as Poetry in Mexico and The Gamblers of Mexico.

The Mexicans, he asserts, in spite of the danger of generalizing about a race so mixed, are childish; and this childishness he finds in a mixture of engaging and horrible qualities:

> Have you ever seen a boy tear up a living beetle, and a moment later say that yonder ripples of the olive tree are like his mother's hand when he is lying in his bed? So are the Mexicans. I fancy that a number of the miscreants who massacred 300 Chinamen in Torreon not long since, cutting some into small pieces, beheading some, pulling others apart by horses, are on other days delightful citizens.

His characterization of Felix Diaz and Gen. Huerta, now at the helm, is not flattering: "They are merely Mexican savages in blue uniforms."

Even erudite Dantists will find novelties in Paolo Bellezza's "Curiosità Dantesche" (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli), a collection of more than a score of literary *causeries* on bizarre or unexpected topics. One chapter, for instance, is devoted to some of the crazy interpretations of commentators; another traces the varieties of "Dantophily, Dantology, and Dantomania"; a third discusses the theories of Dante's mountain climbing. One of the most fruitful, and the longest, follows his influence on the Risorgimento. The author has even assembled a dozen or more *isms*, the devotees of which claim Dante as their founder; spiritualists on one side, pacifists and feminists on the other, think they have his support. Professor Bellezza does not neglect parodies, nor such evidences of Dante's popularity as dialect versions of his famous passages furnish. Innumerable anecdotes, opinions, and citations attest the breadth of the author's reading and add greatly to the entertainment he provides. His lists of articles and authors referred to will please bibliographers. This book should be in every library which has a shelf for Dante. It will delight any reader, not necessarily a professed Dantist, who does not wholly frown on literary gossip and the showing up of the aberrations of the expositors.

Those who feel alarm at the atrocities which are reported to be committed in the name of futurist cookery—veal and violets and the like—may find some comfort in the fact that our ancestors in the Middle Ages encountered even more portentous combinations and still lived to be our ancestors. A fifteenth-century cookery book directs the cook to take a capon, scald it, clean it, and "smyte" it in two at the waist, and to do the same to a pig, and then to sew the fore part of the capon to the hind part of the pig, and the fore part of the pig to the hind part of the capon, and to stuff them like a pig. This delectable dish was known as "cockatrice," a name appropriate to its form and even more appropriate, one might think, to its ability to slay at sight. The above recipe is taken from A. Abram's "English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages" (Dutton), in which the motley pageant of English life from Edward III to Henry VII passes under review. The modern reader, if he sees the period as chiefly Canterbury pilgrimages and tournaments, will remark the intense spirit of commercialism which in the fifteenth century was partly responsible for a large falling off in attendance at the universities, because they did not teach things which could be immediately useful in business. Henry VII laughed at tournaments. In a period of fierce protectionism, it is interesting to note, books were imported duty free. But we must remember that mediæval commercial notions were extremely naïve. It was thought unjust to drive a hard bargain or take advantage of another's ignorance or misfortune, to corner the market or exact interest, and much fruitless effort was expended on the task of maintaining, not a minimum, but a maximum wage. Besides cookery and commerce, there are chapters on life among the aristocracy; town, monastic, and family life; houses, dress, education, amusements, travelling, and so on. Without attempting to exhaust these subjects, the book offers many interesting facts, some good illustrations, and an appendix of authorities which documents the statements of the text.

The fame of the Rhone country has been revived and enhanced by Frederic Mistral, who, as a young lawyer, "threw his gown to the winds and gave himself up to the contemplation of what he loved—the splendor of his native Provence," and who has devoted his life to the working of a miracle in recreating a moribund language. Cecil Headlam is one of many writers who have been caught by the fascination of this land of romance, and in "Provence and Languedoc" (Doran) we have a compilation, half history, half guidebook, which is admirably calculated to illuminate the travels of the intelligent tourist. An early chapter gives a good general survey of the story of Provence and later chapters deal with particular phases in its history. Settled in turn by Phœnicians, Phocæans, and Romans, and having numerous relics of each occupation, as well as of their Iberian and Celtic predecessors, the land of the troubadours, and, as such, "the cradle of modern literature," Provence has a history commensurate with that of civilization in Europe; and Mr. Headlam has done well to compress an intelligent précis of a vast subject into the limits which he has set himself. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and an interesting appendix gives the music of some Provençal airs and dances.

In "Burma under British Rule" (Scribner), Joseph Dautremer, of the School of Oriental Languages, Paris, formerly Consul for France in Rangoon, gives an encyclopædic survey of the country, including routes, railways, excursions, products, trade, and a review of the chief industries, together with introductory chapters on historical and ethnographical points, all very concisely and clearly stated. M. Dautremer does not hesitate to criticise the methods of France in colonization as compared with those found in Burma, but, on the other hand, he does not fail to note the obvious weaknesses in British administration. Sir George Scott, who has translated M. Dautremer's work and furnished it with a vigorous introduction, helps one to read between the lines of the courteous Frenchman's criticism: "There is a sort of polite sarcasm in the way in which he chronicles roads which start with the idea of going somewhere and end nowhere in particular." The chief difference, however, between French and British is that formulated by M. Dautremer's words: "The Lieutenant-Governor of Burma does not need to trouble himself about Members of Parliament in London. The Governor-General of Indo-China always has, whether he likes it or not, one ear turned in the direction of the Palais-Bourbon. That is the evil point of the French method." The many hints on trading possibilities ought to make this work useful not only to the French, but to others desirous of enlarging business in the Orient. To others many an occasional observation will be of interest, such as those on the origin of "bee-holes" in teak; the poisonous nature of beans in Burma (Pythagoras got wisdom from the East!); the conditions of a society which permits a man to marry at the same time a mother and a daughter, etc. There are a few good photographs.

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"Modern Golf" (Outing Publishing Company), is too ambitious a title for the little book which has been made out of articles by Mr. Harold H. Hilton, and seems to bring him into a competition with Mr. Vaile's comprehensive book, similarly named, in a way from which Hilton would naturally shrink. The pages are pleasant enough in their way, and here and there instructive, the best being those in which Mr. Hilton describes the ideal temperament and physique of the golfer. Several of the bodily qualifications for the game he declares that he himself is without!

Anthony F. Wilding, the New Zealander, who recently defended his title of lawn tennis champion of England against Maurice E. McLoughlin, gives some practical advice to players in "On the Court and Off" (Doubleday, Page). Mr. Wilding contends that the best form of practice is stroke play, in which a stone wall may be used if no kindred spirit is available; and he discusses strokes in the making, pointing out the right and wrong methods of hitting the ball. All the tactics, training, and experience in the world, he says, are of no avail to a player whose strokes are inaccurate, and he counsels the man who would improve his game to concentrate his efforts on its weak spots. Mr. Wilding is an advocate of training off the court, and declares that a safe rule in match play "is to start off hard and go hard all the time." Regarding tactics, he says that the two main principles are to cover your own weakness and mercilessly attack your opponent's most vulnerable points. Incidentally, he remarks that McLoughlin, in one of his inspired moments, can pierce the strongest defence ever constructed. Mrs. Larcombe contributes advice to women players, and André Gobert writes about the game in France. Mr. Wilding does not neglect to say a word about another of his hobbies—motorcycling.

Science

Frederick Irving Anderson, in his interestingly written "Farmer of Tomorrow" (Macmillan), puts his finger on two of the great problems of the future of farming in the United States. The first of these, the increasing of our farming area, is in the course of solution. Our free public lands being now virtually gone, there remains to reclaim those which so far are naturally unfit. We have more than three hundred million acres under actual cultivation, with nearly half as much of pasture land, on existing farms, to be improved. Dry farming has apparently reached its limit (will other authorities agree to this?), but there are a hundred million acres to be cleared, thirty-five million to be added by irrigation, and seventy-seven million to be drained. The total number of acres capable of profitable cultivation Mr. Anderson reckons at 672,000,000. On these acres must be supported our future population, which will in time equal the density of that of Europe. Yet to sustain our present sparse population on our present acreage is already somewhat of a problem, as indicated by our notably diminished exports of foodstuffs.

Our future difficulties must be met by better farming, the crucial problem of which occupies the second part of Mr. Anderson's book. We are learning what our farms are best fitted for, and the trend towards specialization is very hopeful. But the great question is one of plant food, and here we find Mr. Anderson distinguishing himself among recent writers by his advocacy, remarkably temperate and uncontroversial, of the theory which the United States Bureau of Soils stands almost alone in supporting. "The soil," says Milton Whitney, chief of the Bureau, "is the one indestructible, immutable asset that the nation possesses. It is the one resource that cannot be exhausted, that cannot be used up. It may be impaired by abuse, but never destroyed." The statement applies to mineral constituents alone, and the question is virtually whether we need to apply chemical fertilizers, at least in accordance with present practices. Against the Bureau stand most of the scientists of the world, American as well as foreign. The theory of Liebig, according to which our plant-food supply, continually exhausted, must be continually replaced by chemical fertilizers, is intrenched in all our schools and colleges; but against it the Bureau of Soils brings puzzling facts. Here can be mentioned but a few of them. Certain tests tend to show that, at least as far as potash and phosphoric acid are concerned, however much of these elements may be added to the soil, the plants themselves are able to utilize but a certain amount. "Nature herself," says Mr. Anderson, "has provided a definite ratio at which she liberates the mineral food of plants, and this ratio is fixed." Tested differently, in the case of potash but a certain fixed amount can be dissolved at one time out of the soil, although many times that amount may have just been added. The Bureau of Soils contends that the surface of the soil grains, holding the soil water by tremendous capillary pressure, will yield only a definite amount of plant food at a time; that the supply of this mineral food is continually furnished by the breaking up of chemicals already present in abundance; and that it is therefore not necessary to supply chemical fertilizers. To avoid the accumulation of plant poisons by proper rotations, and meanwhile to add organic matter in the form of either green or stable manure, is the proper procedure.

The Bureau points to the example of China, where for four thousand years the soil has maintained its fertility through no other treatment than this. Nearer at home is the case of the famous Agdell field at Rothamstead, England, where for more than fifty years wheat has been grown in a four-year rotation on fertilized and unfertilized plats, the latter growing the more wheat. "We cannot," say the English experts, "accept the explanation of the Americans, yet we have no theory to offer in exchange." American experts, notably Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins, of Illinois (whose Circular 155, University of Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, controverts some of Mr. Anderson's figures), are positive in denying the conclusions of the Bureau of Soils, and maintain the theory of Liebig. Here is the germ of a great controversy, affecting every inhabitant of future America, but not to be settled for another generation.

Meanwhile other and minor problems of the future of our farms are discussed by G. Harold Powell in his "Coöperation in Agriculture" (Macmillan's Rural Science series). To most of the public such coöperation means chiefly the self-defence of milk farmers or fruit-growers, protecting themselves against the rapacity of the middleman. Such purely commercial enterprises form, of course, a large proportion of agricultural coöperative societies; but more interesting and promising for the development of our farming are associations for cow-testing, cattle-breeding, or seed improvement. Even the simple and almost accidental expedient of gathering and marketing a local egg supply through a coöperative creamery has led to the improvement of breeds, the prevention of much loss, and a fine uniform product; but the deliberate agreement among neighbors to apply coöperative methods to the improvement of stock or seed means much more. Of great importance are associations for rural credit, which in Europe have relieved farmers of a heavy incubus, and which are slowly entering into our own country districts. The book distinguishes between associations for profit and for mutual benefit; it is valuable in its warnings as to the application and changing of existing laws, as to the methods of operation, and as to the spirit of membership, so vital to success. Mr. Powell quotes numerous forms of association and rules of operation, among the dry phrases of which the reader is cheered to find the summarized purpose of the Farmers' Union (Southern): "To garner the tears of the distressed, the blood of martyrs, the laugh of innocent childhood, the sweat of honest labor, and the virtue of a happy home as the brightest jewels known." There is appended to the book an excellent bibliography.

An entirely different aspect of farming is treated in "Modern Farm Buildings" (McBride, Nast), by Alfred Hopkins, a New York architect with much experience in designing for the rich. As an expression of the application of the principles of beauty to advanced agricultural ideas the book is significant. It will somewhat surprise the ordinary reader with its apparent luxury, for under Mr. Hopkins the process of milking becomes a ritual, and the cost of milk may well equal that of champagne. Yet the author's conclusions and remarks are often very practical, while at the same time the outlines and grouping of his buildings are artistic. On the planning of the cow barn, the hay barn, the stable, the piggery and hennery, and of course the garage, his remarks are of value. We recommend the study of the book to any one considering the erection of farm buildings.

"The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook" (Dutton), by Frederic M. Halford, appeals primarily to the devotee of the chalk-streams of Great Britain, though its elucidation of the general principles of dry-fly angling would serve for American trout streams as well. Mr. Halford is well known to readers of the literature of angling as an *ultra-purist*. First, find your trout, actually engaged in rising to the surface for the real fly. Find out the particular kind of fly on which he is feeding, and cast the artificial insect of the same variety so that it

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will float as naturally as possible over the spot where the fish is rising. To let yourself be tempted into casting for a trout which you can see lying on the bottom, but not actually rising for real flies, is to prove yourself not an ultra-purist at all, but at best only a purist. And if your eagerness should lure you into allowing your fly to get water-logged and go under the surface even a little, your right to be named with the dry-fly men at all is forever gone. And yet Mr. Halford is perfectly willing to admit that there is respectable angling outside the limits of the dry-fly code. The first half of the volume deals directly with the technique of dry-fly angling. This is followed by four chapters on the Fisherman's Entomology, giving a careful description, with many illustrations, of the various flies in which the angler is interested. The gaudy colored plates of artificial flies so common in angling literature are happily absent. The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to suggestions for the preparation, stocking, and management of private fisheries.

Drama and Music

Mr. Henry Thomas Schnittkind will bring out in the autumn, through the Stratford Publishing Company, a play on the Prometheus myth, together with a poetical version of Plautus's "Mostellaria."

Any conscientious attempt to contribute to the fabric of a genuine American drama is welcome, and from this point of view the "Jacob Leisler" (Mitchell Kennerley) of William O. Bates deserves a word of recognition. Moreover, it comes at an appropriate time, when a statue of the hero has just been placed in the grounds of the Huguenot Association of New Rochelle in commemoration of his connection with that place. The endeavor to awaken public interest in a man who played a prominent part in stirring events in the early history of New York, who was the first to hold the position of Governor by virtue of a popular vote, and who paid with his life the penalty of a loyalty which, whether or not it was misguided, is generally admitted to have been unselfish and sincere, was well worth while. And the subject has the advantage of being comparatively fresh to the vast majority of readers outside the ranks of historical students, as well as being clearly susceptible of effective dramatic treatment. Unfortunately, Mr. Bates has not proved himself equal to his opportunity. He has not succeeded either in making a good practicable drama or in re-creating, with any plausibility, the atmosphere of the period. So far as the known facts in Leisler's career are concerned, his acceptance of the popular election, his seizure of the fort in the name of King William, his refusal to surrender it except to a properly accredited successor, his ultimate loyal submission, his subsequent trial at the instigation of his Jacobite enemies, and his summary execution as a rebel against the King whom he was eager to serve—the author follows the existing records with sufficient closeness, but the supplementary details with which he has embellished them and many of his characterizations are grotesque; while his dialogue, with its curious mixture of the modern with the antique, rarely rises above the level of cheap melodrama. Structurally the piece is very loose and slipshod, and it would require much remodelling to fit it for stage representation, although several of its scenes contain good theatrical material. As a narrative it is interesting in spite of its many absurdities, and it suggests a field which might be explored with much profit by a capable dramatist.

Edwin Davies Schoonmaker is the author of "The Americans" (Mitchell Kennerley), which is one of a series of racial dramas, including "The Saxons," "The Slavs," and "The Hindoos." It is an ambitious effort, not without a certain measure of force and imagination, but not very impressive in its illustrations or its philosophy. Professing to deal with "the industrial conflict that is now raging," it offers as its principal figures a timber king, a capable and adamantine materialist—who might have been taken from any one of half a dozen recent melodramas—and his son, an ardent idealist. When the former would crush his striking workmen by starvation and military force, the latter advocates liberal, conciliatory, and coöperative measures, identifies himself with the cause of the rebels, and finally is murdered by a walking delegate, who has no sympathy with plans which might put an end to the profits of professional agitators. Afterward, in the moment of his apparent triumph, the timber king himself is slain and the militia make common cause with the workers whom they have been summoned to repress. The implication of the whole play is that capital must concede the demands of labor, adopt socialistic and coöperative systems, or prepare to face general armed revolution. Mr. Schoonmaker exhibits familiarity with certain phases of existing social conditions, but no broad-minded grasp of the whole situation. His illustrations are both conventional and extravagant, and his evident sincerity lacks the ballast of experience. He deserves credit for imaginative dealing with a weighty problem, but contributes nothing particularly helpful towards its solution. Why he should have elected to write some of his dialogue in the blankest of verse is a mystery.

The object of two volumes recently published, "Dramatization" (Scott, Foresman & Co.), by Sarah E. Simons and Clem Irwin Orr, and "A Dickens Dramatic Reader" (Ginn & Co.), by Fanny Comstock, is to furnish passages from English classics adapted for dramatic representation in schools. Whether the encouragement of the theatrical instinct in children, without skilled and capable instructors, is altogether desirable is a question which need not be debated here. Of course, there is no great difficulty in the selection of passages from great authors, which, with very little alteration, lend themselves readily enough to stage enactment, and most of those collected in these two books are famous, but many of them are hopelessly beyond the interpretative faculties of boys and girls. The time expended in drilling children in the mechanical and parrot-like recitation of such pieces is wholly wasted, and the result of all the labor is likely to be mischievous in more ways than one. The chief practical value of such compilations is to whet the appetites of juvenile readers for the works from which the samples are taken.

One of Massenet's last compositions, not yet printed, had its first hearing the other day in Paris. It is a "melodic poem" entitled "Loti's Visions," text by Edmond Noël. It was sung by four artists of the Grand Opéra, Gall and Arbell, Dubois and Dulos, and it pleased the audience so much that it had to be repeated. The critics pronounced it one of the happiest of Massenet's melodic inspirations.

The house at Pillnitz in which Wagner composed "Lohengrin" in 1846 was sold at auction the other day. The buyer is a butcher.

It is possible that the Russian Opera Company, recently heard in London, will appear in New York at the Century Opera House next May.

English composers cannot complain that they are entirely neglected in London. Sir Henry Wood has selected thirteen native works—many of them absolute novelties—for the Queen's Hall Orchestra's nineteenth season of promenade concerts.

An illustration of Liszt's generosity is given by a Russian journal. When the great pianist was in Moscow, in 1863, it happened that an actor had obtained permission to have a benefit at the theatre; but the public was so taken up with Liszt that the poor fellow ran a good chance of having an empty house. When Liszt heard of this he promptly offered to play several pieces during the intermissions. The result was that the theatre was jammed and the actor took in more than 2,000 rubles.

English bands are accounted second to none. There is a special institution, Kneller Hall, for the training of bandmasters and instrumentalists. At a recent garden party, the official band of this institution rendered a programme which is interesting as showing the attention paid to English music. It included Sullivan's "Macbeth" Overture, Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," Coleridge Taylor's Characteristic Waltzes, the March from Sir Edward Elgar's "Crown of India," a selection from Edward German's "Tom Jones," Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," and Herbert E. Haines's "Woodland Serenade."

Portugal has only one conservatory of music, situated at Lisbon. The highest salary paid is $500 a year; assistant teachers get $150. Orchestral players, though they have a union, are paid at the San Carlo Theatre no more than $40 to $80 a month; at vaudevilles and musical comedies they get 60 cents to $1.20 a performance.

A lecture on kettledrums was given in London the other day by Gabriel Cleather. He commented on the fact that for generations the drum has been regarded to a great extent as a comic implement—something to be used effectively at bye-elections and public demonstrations of war or peace—and proceeded to demonstrate that the kettledrum is a genuine musical instrument the player of which must not only have a knowledge of rhythm and dynamics, but a very keen sense of pitch and a most sensitive touch. By way of illustrating this lecture, as many as six timpani were used in a composition for pianoforte and drums by Julius Tausch, and in others three, four,

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and five. One of the critics wrote that "especially in the Schumann 'Sketch in D flat' and the Grieg 'Berceuse,' the effect was most suggestive and charming."

Plans are making to collect funds for erecting a monument to the composer Ethelbert Nevin at Sewickley, Pa., where he was born and died. It is probable that there will be given a concert at which eminent musicians will coöperate.

Art

The Mediæval Church Architecture of England. By Charles Herbert Moore, author of "Development and Character of Gothic Architecture" and "Character of Renaissance Architecture." With 23 plates in half-tone and 49 illustrations in the text. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

This interesting and scholarly work, by a writer whose two previous books have acquainted students of architecture with his critical methods and point of view, embodies the results of Professor Moore's personal investigation and study of a large number of the most important mediæval English churches, the author having taken up his residence in England for the special purpose of pursuing this work. The contribution he makes to the literature of a most interesting subject is so serious and so valuable within the field to which the author has confined himself, as to deepen one's regret at the narrowness of his approach to it. The work might with propriety have borne the title and sub-title "Structural and Logical Deficiencies in English Churches; An Analysis and Criticism of the Design of their Piers, Vaulting-Shafts, and Vaulting."

His purpose, as stated in the preface, is "to set forth the character of mediæval church architecture in England in the light of a structural analysis and comparison with the French Gothic art and of the conditions under which it was produced." The special incentive to writing this book lay in "the great misunderstanding of the art of England shown by recent, no less than by earlier, English writers," who are charged with a "fragmentary method of study" and with a "patriotic bias fatal to impartial judgment." Professor Moore has never lacked the courage of his convictions, and in thus boldly challenging English judgments on English architecture he has set forth his contentions with pungency and force, supporting them by careful analysis and acute observations leading to arguments which are in many cases logical and convincing. In so far as he endeavors to establish the general contentions that the English Norman architecture, first introduced from France, developed on lines which show a lack of that logical evolution from structural exigencies which characterizes the French Romanesque; that the fundamental characteristics of this Anglo-Norman style persist without essential change in the Early English style; and that throughout the entire Gothic period the English church builders, in their treatment of the bay-system and of the clustering of piers, in their design of vaulting-shafts, and in the relation of shafts to vault-ribs, ignored the logical considerations which controlled the French Gothic builders, Professor Moore's reasoning is entirely sound. He is also on solid ground in tracing the evolutionary relations of Canterbury, Lincoln, Salisbury, and the transepts of York, and in his view as to the relative proportions of French and English influences in the design of Westminster Abbey. In all these matters he has made an important contribution to the critical understanding of English mediæval architecture.

Unfortunately, the force, or at least the acceptability, of these contentions is weakened by the narrowness of the author's view of the philosophy of architectural design. In his preface Mr. Moore restricts "the use of the term 'Gothic' to the French art, using the term 'pointed' for that architecture of the Middle Ages, whether in England or elsewhere, in which the pointed arch and other details are merely applied to forms of building that retain the structural character of the older art." Now it is true that "the question of names is of secondary importance," and that any writer may define his terms as he pleases, provided neither he nor the reader is misled by either the name or the definition. But Mr. Moore is constantly misled, and misleads his readers; for by quietly ignoring the rightness of any other system, method, or point of view than that of the Ile-de-France as developed between 1140 and 1260 and calling all else "non-Gothic" or "not truly Gothic," a habit of mind is acquired, and a tone of criticism developed, which stamp everything else as inferior. Moreover, in taking this position he centres attention on the "logic" of design as the one supreme consideration; and this "logic" is furthermore restricted to the visible expression of a scientifically designed structural framework. And as the author assumes the particular forms and methods of this structural expression in the Ile-de-France Gothic to be in all points the most perfect forms and methods, every deviation from these is criticised as inferior or "non-Gothic." Thus the fundamental narrowness of Mr. Moore's definition of "Gothic" comes to be far more than a mere question of names, and is found to vitiate his entire critical position. For it leads him to err widely in two most important particulars. He ignores the very existence of the logic of æsthetic expression, which in a work of architecture may claim equal importance and validity with the logic of structural expression; and he condemns the application even of structural logic in the English examples, when it deviates from the French applications of the same logic. Thus the English multiple-ribbed vaulting, which was primarily developed to simplify the construction, was an extension of the fundamental principle of vault-ribbing which lies at the very heart of Gothic architectural development; but Mr. Moore calls it a *violation* of that principle! So also the superb hammer-beam trusses of Westminster Hall and other like examples are condemned because the only correct form of truss is assumed to be that which exerts *no thrust* on the walls, *i. e.*, the truss with a tie-beam. Why it is not as permissible to build a timber roof that exerts a thrust as a stone roof that exerts a thrust, is not explained. Parity of reasoning would either condemn all vaulting in favor of a lintel construction, or compel the use of the iron or timber tie for vaulting, as in many Italian churches.

Furthermore, the criticism of the structural logic of English churches is to such an extent confined to the design of the pier sections and the relation of the vaulting shafts to the vaulting ribs as to make these appear to be not merely important elements, but almost the whole, of Gothic architecture. Mr. Moore's contention on this point appears to be that the failure of the English mediæval builders, in any one of their churches, to carry continuous vaulting shafts from the floor, or at least from the main pier-caps to the spring of the vaulting, with a distinct member for each vault-rib, stamps all their work as fundamentally illogical and hence "not truly Gothic," and that their multiplication of shafts, ribs, and mouldings was not motived by any sound or truly Gothic structural logic. He never allows the reader to suspect that every vaulting shaft in every Gothic building is a structural superfluity, which can be cut away at any point or dispensed with altogether, without endangering the stability of the vaulting; that, indeed, the vaulting shaft was a purely decorative device—a product of æsthetic, not structural, logic, intended to give the eye the æsthetic satisfaction of an *apparent*, though actually unnecessary, support from the ground up; and that the clustering of shafts so as to give every supported member its own apparent support is also a purely æsthetic device, the structural essential being a sufficient sectional area for the pier, rather than any particular form of section. The coördination of supporting and supported members is a means of æsthetic effect based on apparent structural relations which do not really exist. It is not really more "true," though

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it is from one narrow point of view more "logical," than designing these various members with a view to purely decorative effects. In other words, the entire apparatus of the greater part of the criticism of English architecture in this book is based upon critical assumptions which are fundamentally open to question, though urged as axiomatic by the author; and upon which, even granting his point of view, he has built, along with many perfectly sound and just criticisms, many that are unfair and erroneous.

One contention which is repeatedly urged is scientifically incorrect. The author appears to think that the load on the groin-ribs varies materially with the section and form of the vault-cells, so that a domical transverse vault (*i. e.*, one with a concave rising ridge of the French type) "bears more effectively" on the groin-ribs than one with a horizontal straight ridge (p. 27). His figure 20 in support of this curious contention is wholly misleading. The transverse cells, whatever their form, are carried wholly by the groin-ribs, and "bear" upon it in proportion to their weight, not their section. So also he contends that the widening of the "conoids" of English vaults towards the clear-story prevents the "concentration of the vault thrust" which would be possible if they were narrowed against the clear-story. It is not easy to understand the system of statics implied in this singular contention, on which there is considerable insistence.

One might fairly expect in a careful study of English mediæval church architecture some description, analysis, and appreciation of the polygonal chapter houses of Lichfield, Wells, Salisbury, and Westminster. They are the most original creations of that architecture, absolutely English, and as logical, in the French Gothic sense, as the nave of Amiens. There is no discussion of the planning of English churches, except in the references to the inferiority of their square east ends to the apsidal east ends of French churches—a fair criticism, most architects will agree. But the plan as a whole is nowhere discussed as an architectural conception in itself, and this every architect will feel is a serious defect in a work which professes to treat of church architecture. The towers and spires of English churches are in like manner ignored; and nowhere are the fundamental ideas, the basic artistic conceptions, that underlie the design of the great churches, the considerations both practical and artistic that differentiate their plans and proportions from the French, recognized or even referred to. The exquisite beauty of the carved ornament, the marvellous perfection of execution of the mouldings, especially in the thirteenth century, are disparaged as departures from the French ideals. All the charm and loveliness of the English Gothic churches, which appeal so strongly to tourist and architect alike, are outweighed, in the author's stern judgment, by their nonconformity to the French logic of design in respect to pier sections, vaulting shafts, and vault-ribs. The magnificent octagon of Ely is condemned *in toto*, in conception, detail, and execution, as inappropriate; it is a gigantic mistake. For all the products of the perpendicular style Mr. Moore expresses disfavor amounting to contempt.

In spite of these deficiencies, the student of mediæval architecture will find this a stimulating, informing and suggestive book. It is sound in its scholarship and in its statement of facts, keen in its analysis, and simple and direct in its style. The illustrations are excellent, the author's own drawings being models of faithful and brilliant delineation. Nearly all the more important cathedrals and abbeys of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are passed under longer or shorter review, though in no case is any church considered as a whole, either historically or critically. The book is admirably printed, but the proof-reading is not faultless in the matter of foreign names. Viollet-le-Duc is twice printed Voillet le Duc; Rivoira is misprinted Rivora; San Ambrogio (or Sant' Ambrogio) becomes the bilingual St. Ambrogio; the French quotation at the bottom of page 3 contains six errors in two lines; St. John's Chapel, in the Tower of London, is St. Joseph's, in the list of illustrations.

"Colonial Furniture in America," by Luke Vincent Lockwood, will be published by Scribners this summer.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin's "The Story of British Painting," originally announced for publication in 1912, is in hand for issue in October or November this year (Century). It will show reproductions of forty famous British paintings.

Finance

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN FINANCE.

With the substantial recovery on the Stock Exchange, these past two weeks, from its exaggerated gloom and despondency of the two or three months preceding, and with the passing of the markets into something resembling normal conditions, the mind of the financial community has turned once more to the question, whether complete restoration of financial equilibrium will bring us back to the familiar episodes of the decade past, or whether, in finance as in other things, a new era lies before us. The problem is deeply interesting. The death, last week, of another of the promoting capitalists whose names were constantly on the lips of Wall Street, in the exciting days of 1901 and 1906, is a reminder of the extent to which even the actors on that memorable stage have ended their several careers, in the few years since the era of promotion, combination, and speculation itself came to an end.

Announcements of this kind show how far and how rapidly the world has moved. It is sometimes hard for people who have lived through such an era—who have seen its beginning, its climax, its waning, and perhaps shared in the common delusion that it must go on forever—to realize how completely its particular qualities and phenomena have disappeared from the social, political, and financial scene.

The period itself sometimes seems only yesterday; sometimes a generation ago. But the reminder of what it actually was comes forcibly when the conspicuous leaders, in an extraordinary era of the kind, pass away from the present scene. Of the typical figures in the dramatic chapter of finance, which appropriately ended in the great crash of 1907, very few are left. When one mentions only Morgan, Harriman, Gates, and Keene, it is possible to understand how soon the active figures of that period will be to the rising generation as much mere matters of tradition and past history as the exploiters of 1869 and 1870 were to the men of 1893.

With attention thus directed to the fact that the era of speculative exploitation, in and out of Wall Street, is actually dead and gone, conjecture as to the character of the coming period grows interesting. It is a curious fact that a great financial panic is invariably the landmark separating such financial and economic eras from one another. The succeeding periods never resemble one another, except in the mere fact of their alternate depression and expansion, and, what is equally impressive, the social and political characteristics of the period change with the financial.

To realize how far we have already drifted from the days of 1901, it is not necessary even to point to the present attitude of great railway and industrial corporations towards the people, to the revolt of the Stock Exchange itself against the abuses practiced on it barely half-a-dozen years ago, or to the vanishing of the financial dictators with their Wall Street court. The manner of life which was pursued by the extraordinary body of overnight "multi-millionaires" in that famous period, their flaunting personal display, their spectacular gambling exploits after Stock Exchange hours, would be as inconceivable in the surrounding circumstances of today as would the charter of a Fall River steamer, after the plan of Fisk and

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Gould in 1869, for an evening's personal conversation on financial affairs with their guest, the President of the United States.

People with a wholly disinterested point of view—if there are any such people in America—will probably agree that finance, as well as society at large, is very well rid of that demoralizing period. As the panorama of the new era which has succeeded it gradually unfolds, we shall begin to see more clearly just what the character of the next period is to be. It has certainly not yet displayed its qualities—except that, so far as this country is concerned, a spirit of well-balanced conservatism, of working on the basis of real rather than imaginary things, has already come plainly into evidence.

One conclusion, however, may be safely adopted. The day of reckless experiment in finance and business is for the present definitely past. Nobody hears any longer of old-fashioned economic law being obsolete and negligible, and our material prosperity is bound to be built up on a far sounder basis for that reason. Whether the social and political worlds are destined similarly to settle down to that sober and rational basis is perhaps another question. That the course of events on the Stock Exchange, and with finance in general, is very apt to foreshadow at long range the course of events in these other quarters, would at least suggest that the wild ideas and extravagant commotion, which have lately beset all fields except finance, will eventually subside as they have done in the financial field since 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, C. B. Moral Science and Academic Freedom: An Address. Lexington, Va.: Wash. and Lee University.

Annals of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution. Vol. III. Washington.

Benda, Julien. *The Yoke of Pity* (*L'Ordination*). Trans. by G. Cannan. Holt. $1 net.

Bridges, Robert. A Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation. Second edition. Frowde.

Brown, R. G. The Judiciary as the Servant of the People: An Address. Minneapolis: The Author.

Carter, Huntly. The New Spirit in Drama and Art. Kennerley.

Charles, R. H. The Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament in English. 2 vols. Frowde.

Clark, A. C. Prose Rhythm in English: A Lecture. Frowde.

Deutsch-Amerikanischen Historischen Gesellschaft von Illinois. Jahrbuch, 1912. Vol. XII. Chicago.

Ellis, Robinson. The Second Book of Ovid's Tristia: A Lecture. Oxford Press.

Foster, William. The English Factories in India, 1642-1645. Frowde.

Geddes, J., and Tesson, L. Oral Instruction in Modern Languages: A Paper Read in Boston, 1912. Boston: The Palmer Co.

Grocer's Encyclopedia. Compiled by Artemas Ward. New York: The Author. $10.

Henderson, C. R. Social Programmes in the West. (Burrows Lectures, 1912-13.) Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Hill, L., and others. The Influence of the Atmosphere on Our Health and Comfort. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Kuhns, Oscar. A One-sided Autobiography. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Lauber, A. W. Indian Slavery in Colonial Times (Col. Univ. Studies). Longmans.

Marriott, J. A. R. English Political Institutions. Second edition. Frowde.

Montessori, Maria. Pedagogical Anthropology. Trans. from the Italian by F. T. Cooper. Stokes. $3.50 net.

Newman's Apologia Pro Vita Sua, preceded by Newman's and Kingsley's Pamphlets.

Pali Text Society Publications. Psalms of the Early Buddhists; II, Psalms of the Brethren, by Mrs. Rhys Davids. Frowde.

Palmer, W. S., and Haggard, A. M. Michael Fairless. Dutton. $1 net.

Rattray, R. S. Hausa Folk-Lore, Customs, Proverbs, etc. 2 vols. Frowde.

Richards, C. C. Village Life in America, 1852-1872: The Diary of a School Girl. Third edition, enlarged. Holt. $1.30 net.

Robins, M. E. Songs Through the Night. Woodstock, N. Y.: The Maverick Press.

Royal Historical Society Publications. Vol. XXII, Official Diary of Lieut.-Gen. Adam Williamson; Vol. XXIII, English Merchants and the Spanish Inquisition in the Canaries. London: The Society.

Sheldon, H. C. Christian Science So-called. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.

Tod, M. N. International Arbitration amongst the Greeks. Frowde.

Townsend, C. W. Sand Dunes and Salt Marshes. Boston: Dana Estes. $2 net.

Walcott, C. D. Cambrian Geology and Paleontology. Vol. 57, Nos. 11 and 12. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

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